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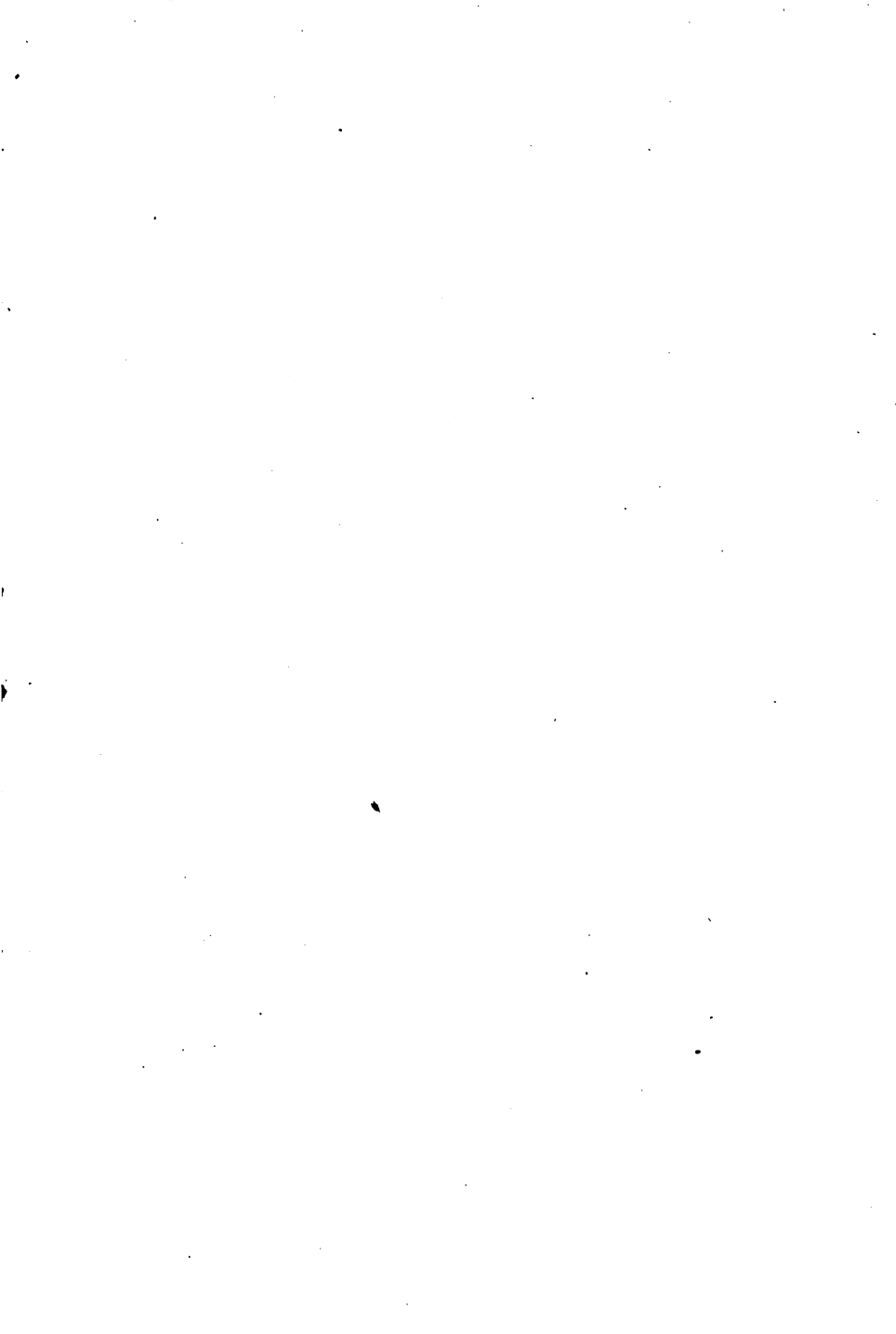
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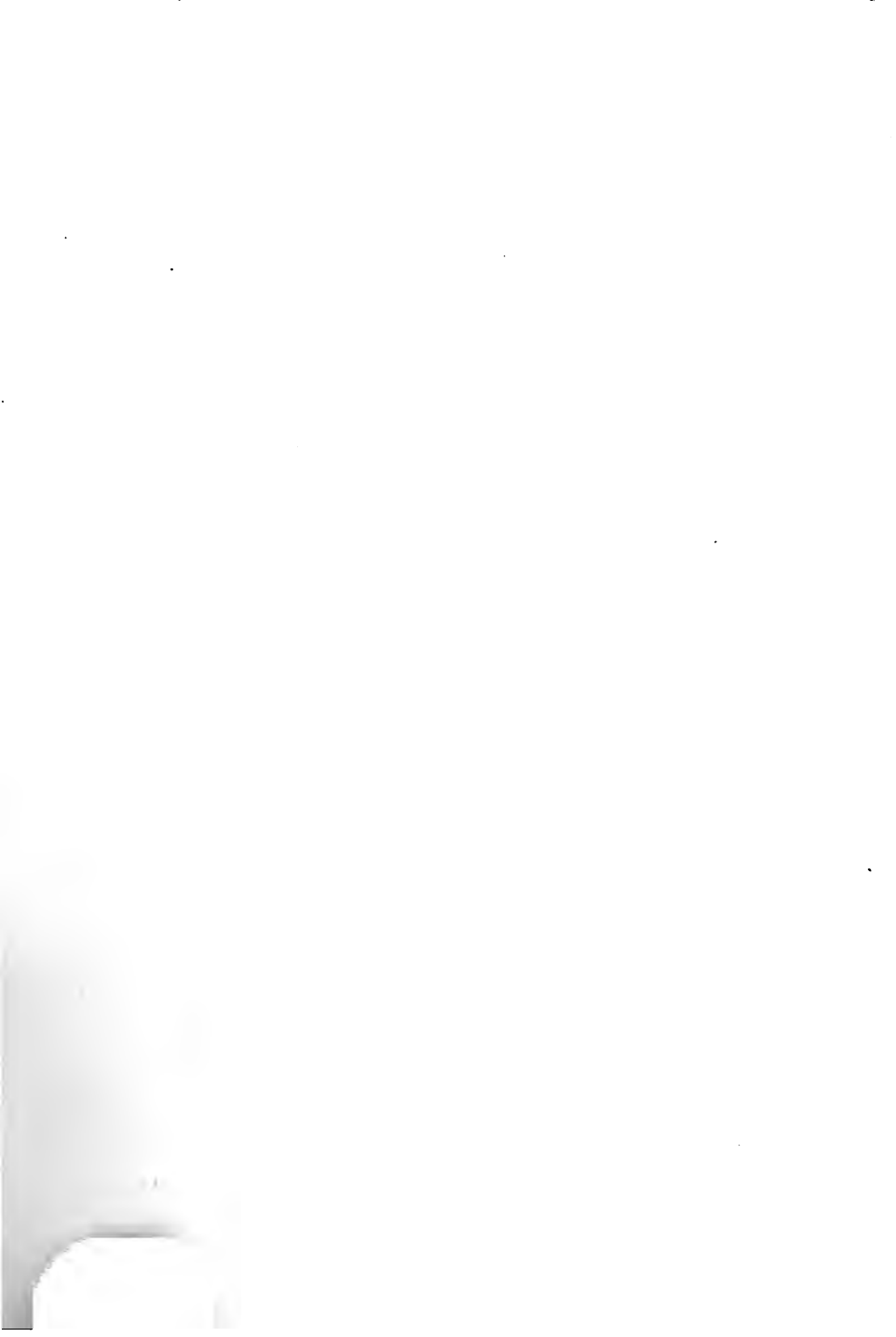


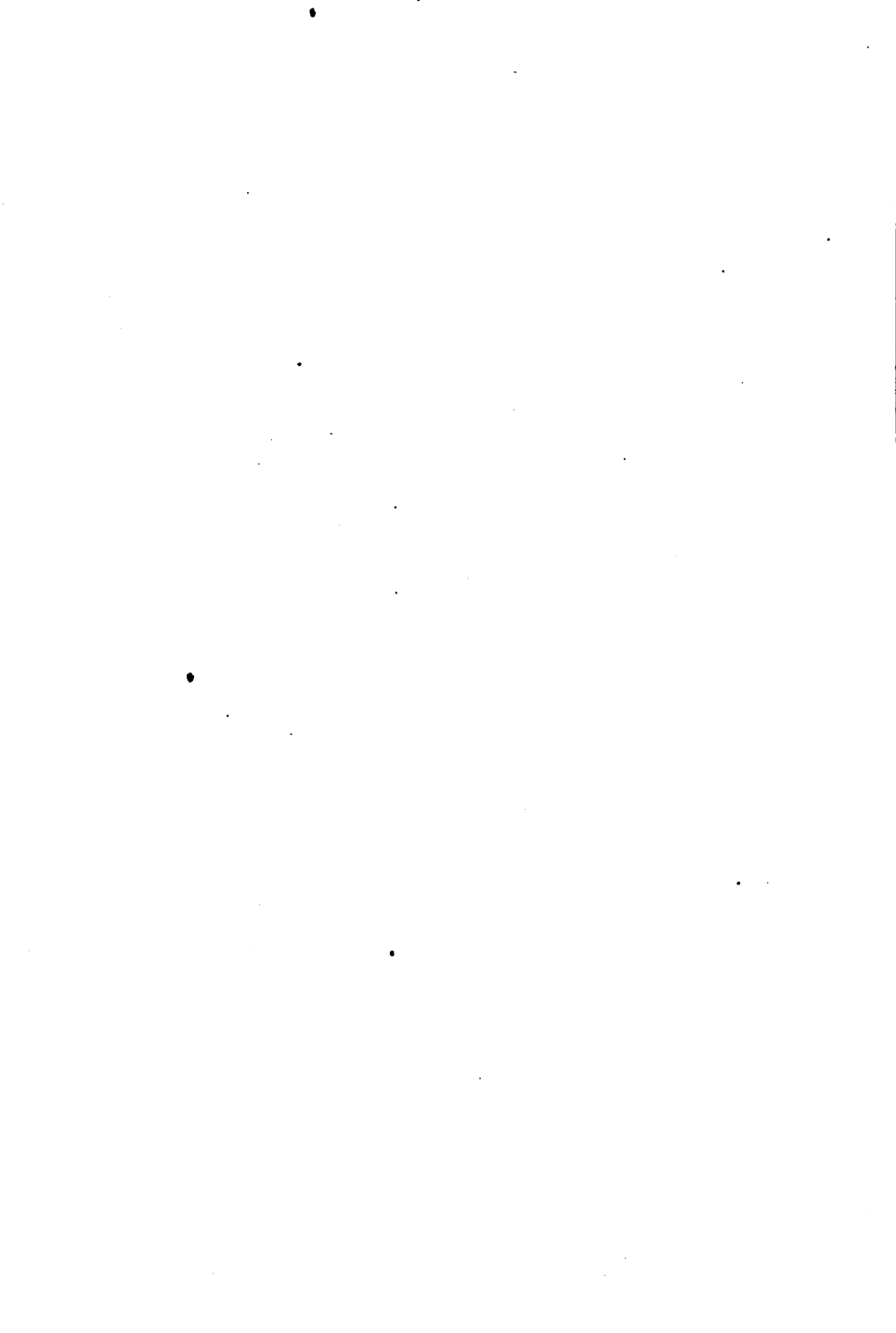
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Early Southern study
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LECTURES AND ESSAYS,

BY

REV. W. J. SCOTT,

OF THE NORTH GEORGIA CONFERENCE.

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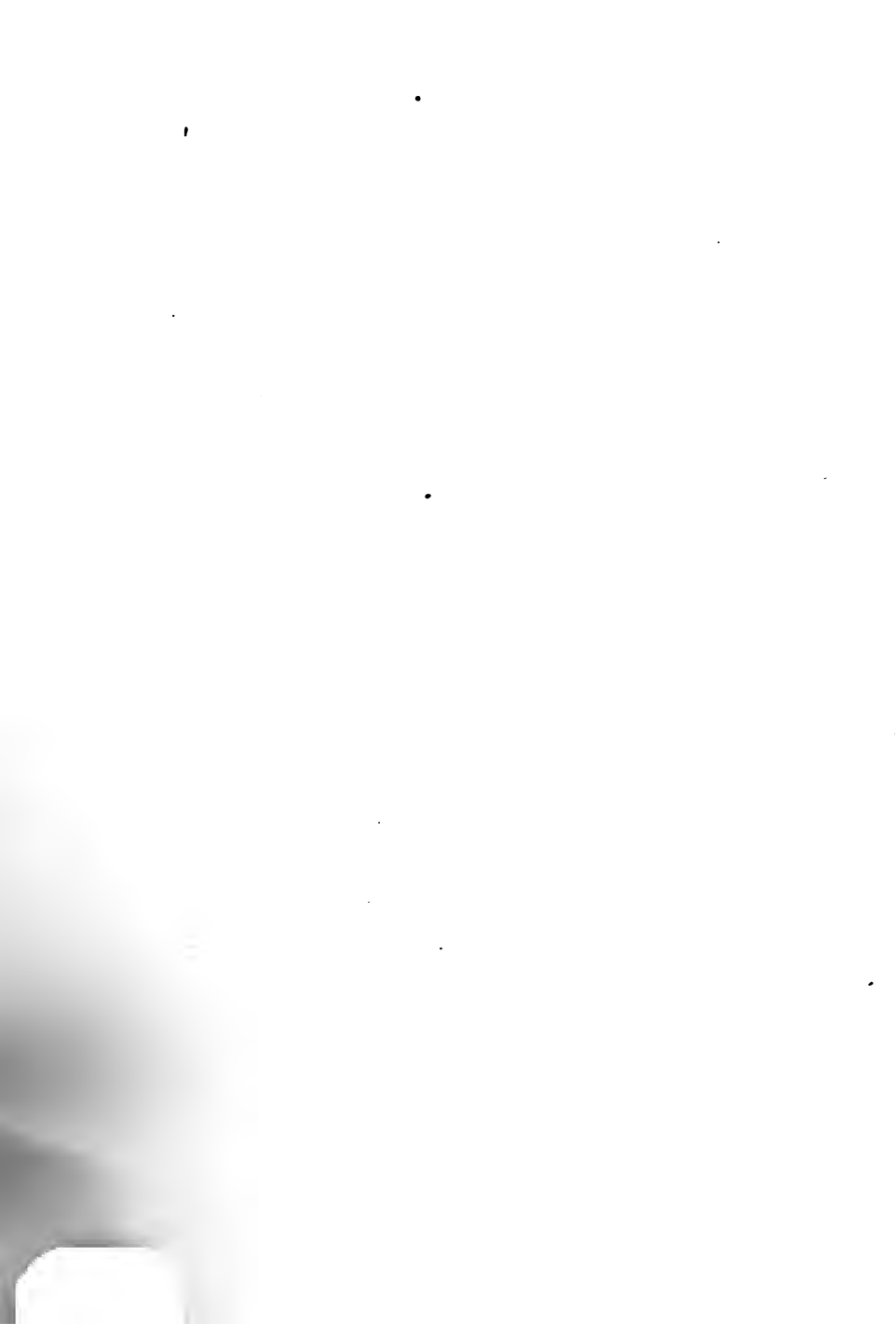
PREFACE.

A few explanatory statements will suffice for a Proem to this small volume. In its preparation I have sought to utilize some of my literary work which has already received the recognition of "print and pay" in the Southern Methodist *Quarterly Review*, under the distinguished editorship of Dr. W. P. Harrison, who is in some directions the most scholarly man of his church. Other material has been gathered from my contributions to the columns of standard literary and religious magazines and journals. A very considerable part of it, however, is now published for the first time. I am greatly indebted to the appreciation of many personal friends who will take the larger part of the present edition. I wish also to tender my acknowledgments to Mrs. Mary Lanier, of Baltimore, and Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, for the permission granted me to append to my first lecture some of the choicest poems of the lamented Sidney Lanier. My readers, I am sure, will also appreciate their kindness.

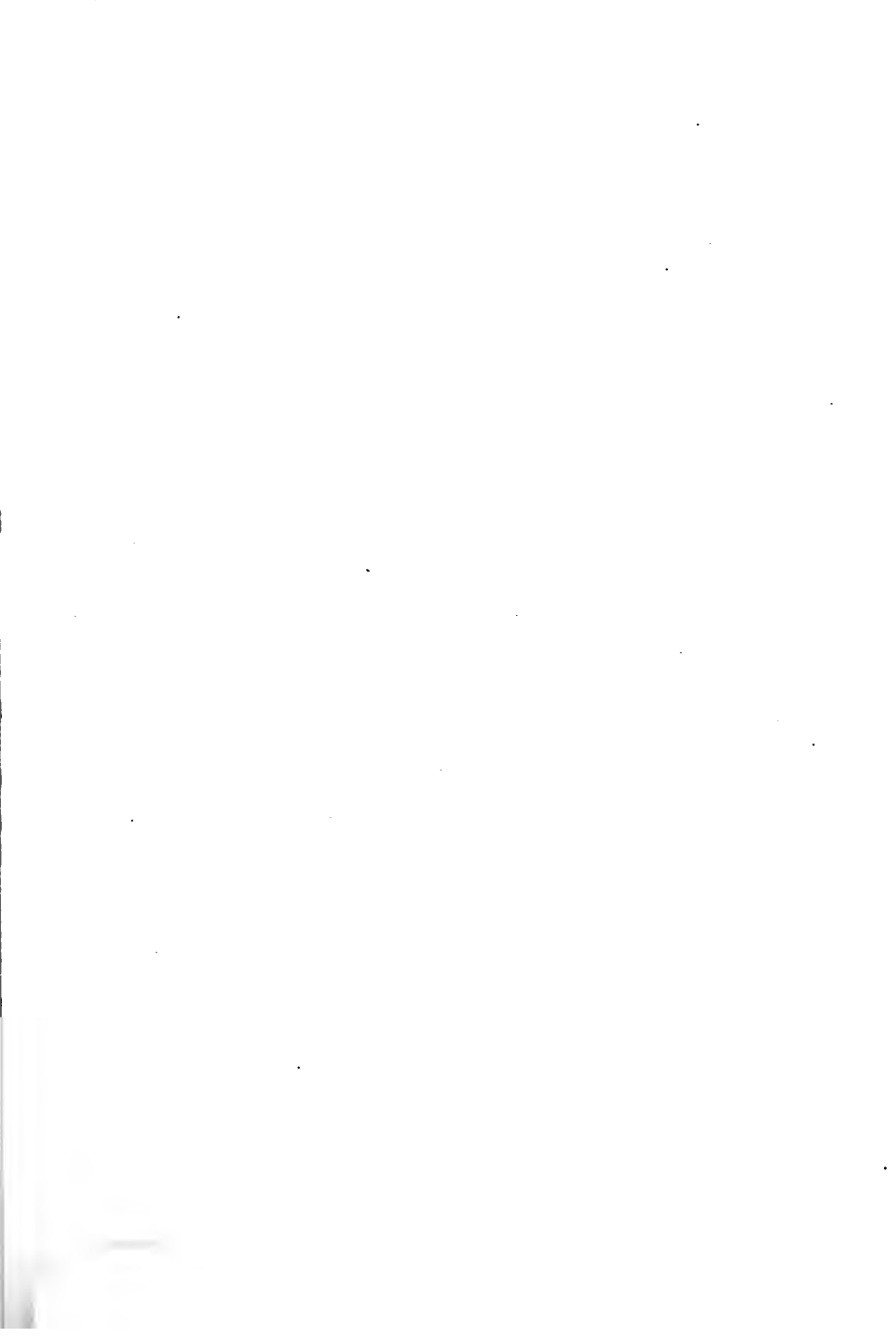
W. J. SCOTT.

Atlanta, Ga.

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LECTURES.



SIDNEY LANIER—THE POET.

It was my good fortune to enjoy the personal acquaintance of this illustrious poet. That acquaintance was limited, however, to a few brief interviews, which were quite informal and wholly unpremeditated. I can hardly say that he sought my acquaintance, and I am sure that I did not seek his; for as yet I was ignorant of his literary antecedents, and I doubt if he himself had so much as dreamed of his own literary possibilities.

After the lapse of so many eventful years I can not be exact as to the date of our first interview; but I have a clear impression that it was in the early summer of 1867, at Montgomery Hall, in the capital city of Alabama. Having entered the hotel—not without the proverbial welcome of “mine host”—I wrote my name and residence on the register and took my seat in the rotunda for a slight rest and recuperation. It was but a little while until I was approached by a pleasant-faced young gentleman who quietly asked if I was the editor of *Scott's Magazine*. I replied affirmatively, whereupon he was kind enough to say that he had read the *Magazine*, and liked it. In answer to an inquiry he informed me that he was a native of Macon, Ga., a son of Robert S. Lanier, Esq., and grandson of Sterling Lanier, two excellent citizens of that central city. Learning that I

had met both his father and grand-father, our relation as landlord and guest became more pleasant and even somewhat confidential. He presently stated that he was a graduate of Oglethorpe University, and after his graduation served two years as tutor in the same institution, which at the time boasted of an able Faculty. Amongst them was President Samuel K. Talmage, a near kinsman of Dr. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Another member of the Faculty was Prof. James Woodrow, since eminent for scientific attainments, to whom Mr. Lanier afterward acknowledged his indebtedness for much valuable aid in the way of mental *stimulus* and inspiration.

Like thousands of our most cultured young men, he responded promptly to the call of the South at the beginning of the war between the States. He served in the ranks for more than two years, enjoying an occasional whiff of "villainous saltpeter" and was then transferred to the Signal Service Corps. While in this department he was captured on a blockade-runner, and for some months was straitly imprisoned at Point Lookout. Shortly before the close of the war he was released or exchanged, and from that time until I met him at Montgomery he had bravely battled with adverse fortune. During this first conversation he also stated that he was an occasional writer of prose and verse, and then had in press a war novel with the quaint title of "Tiger Lilies." I confess that I was charmed not more by the evidences of his varied accomplishments than by the frankness of his whole personal bearing, and expressed

my willingness to secure a contribution for *Scott's Magazine*.

On the next day, before leaving the city, I accompanied him to the third floor of the hotel, and, unlocking his trunk, he submitted to me a number of manuscripts—among them a prose article entitled "Three Waterfalls," which struck me as being a masterpiece of wit and humor. It was shortly afterward published in *Scott's Magazine*, and will, I learn, be reproduced in a forthcoming edition of his writings. I am quite sure it will be considered by the better class of readers as one of the finest specimens of classical punning within the range of American literature.

Beyond these brief interviews I had no personal knowledge of Lanier, except such as was obtained by occasional correspondence and the frequent reading of his contributions to the press. Looking back to our first interview, I am less impressed by the weary stretch of intervening years than by the immense moral distance between the literary *status* of the Sidney Lanier of that day, then alike "unknown to fortune and to fame," and the Sidney Lanier whose bust was installed a few months ago in the library room of the Johns Hopkins University amid the loud acclaim of hundreds of the warm admirers of his phenomenal genius.

Owing to a singular perverseness of mankind, most men must needs die to be appreciated. History, and especially literary biography, is replete with illustrations of this truth. The legendary story of Apollo is in point. It is related of him that while upon earth he kept the

flocks of Admetus, but being thereafter translated to the skies, became the god of the fine arts, and guided the chariot of the sun along its zodiac way through the illimitable heavens. With greater historical accuracy is it said that

Nine cities claimed the mighty Homer dead,

Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," tells us that Thomas Otway often went supperless to his lodgings in a garret, and one hundred years thereafter William Hazlitt, the best of dramatic critics, pronounced his "Venice Preserved" the most classical English tragedy since the Elizabethan age.

The world knows by heart the story of Robert Burns. This "foremost Briton of the eighteenth century" was incontinently snubbed by the provincial gentry of Dumfries. The Government itself provided no better reward for his services to humanity than the place of an excise-man, with a beggarly stipend of forty pounds sterling per annum. But the descendants of the Dumfries gentry have erected a mausoleum within bow-shot of the cottage where he died in abject penury. Sidney Lanier himself did not escape the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" in the shape of contemporary criticism, which he heartily despised, and doubtless suffered at times from "the proud man's contumely" and the traditional dullness of pig-headed editors and reviewers. For years, at least, he prosecuted his literary work under the pressure of disease and in the face of discouragement.

ments that would have shaken the constancy of any soul less heroic in its aims and impulses. Still, in less than a single decade from his death, his appreciative countrymen project a fifteen thousand dollar monument as his fitting memorial.

To this present generation, not less than to the Jews of Christ's own day, may be properly addressed the words of the great Teacher: "Your fathers stoned the prophets, and ye build their sepulchers."

Mr. Lanier was exceedingly fortunate in his ancestry. While I am a Democrat, both in my social instincts and in my political affinities, I am nevertheless a believer in blood, and in blood of the bluest possible tint. Lanier was not born in the purple, nor was he next of kin to the English Howards; but he had in his ethnical make-up that Huguenotic strain which has been the basis of much of our modern civilization in both hemispheres. When Louis XIV signed his revocation of the edict of Nantes he depopulated several of the fairest provinces of France, and sent tens of thousands of skilled artisans and their families to England, Switzerland, and the Low Countries. The date of that imperial blunder was the day-dawn of English manufactures in the finer silk and woolen fabrics. Along with these sturdy craftsmen there were many refugees of better rank and fortune, not only the co-religionists of Coligny and Conde', but their kinsmen by birth or marriage.

At the time of the arrival of these French Protestants, England, partly because of the general demoralization consequent on the Commonwealth wars, but chiefly for

lack of industrial development and enterprise, had relatively declined in national distinction. As a military power she was neither feared nor highly respected on the Continent. Her neighbors across the channel outstripped her in commercial progress, and her ancient ally, Portugal, surpassed her in maritime discovery. The memories of Crecy and Agincourt had waxed dim, and Blenheim and Malplaquet awaited the coming of Eugene and Marlborough to give them historic immortality.

As already intimated, the arrival of these French Protestants was followed by results that enabled William III to dictate the peace of Ryswick, and not many years thereafter constituted England the workshop of the nations and the mistress of the seas. Amongst these Huguenots were the ancestors of Mr. Lanier. These ancestors were greatly distinguished for their musical endowments. In that capacity they were connected with the court during several generations. Mr. Lanier inherited in a large measure these gifts, and they stood him in good stead before he had obtained any wide recognition as an author. Because of his marvelous accomplishments as first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts he secured the friendship and patronage of Bayard Taylor, the poet and traveler. Under the auspices of this steadfast friend he gained admittance to the best literary circles, and afterward was selected to write the ode for the Centennial Cantata at Philadelphia in 1876. From this time his literary success was assured. Besides his remunerative position as lecturer at the Johns

Hopkins University* he was frequently solicited to do special work by leading publishers in New York and Boston.

It is in order now to discontinue these biographical details and to attempt some just characterization of him as a poet. To do this intelligently we must have somewhat to say of his equipment for his chosen life-work. He was, beyond most of our distinguished English or American poets, a man of multifarious learning. Nor were these varied attainments in the least superficial, but as thorough as they were comprehensive. His classical training was rarely equaled in any age or country. A classmate of his at Oglethorpe University informed me that while yet an under-graduate he wrote Greek and Latin with more facility than the average collegian could prepare the customary Greek and Latin exercises. To this knowledge of the classical tongues he subsequently added an intimate knowledge of German, French, and Spanish. Some of his best early literary work consisted of admirable translations from standard German poetry. His acquirements in Anglo-Saxon literature were so well known that the Scribners employed him to edit their "King Arthur" series of histories for boys.

With the better class of English fiction, beginning with Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett, down to Thackeray and George Eliot, he exhibits a critical knowledge that will make his work on "The English Novel and the Principle of Its Development" a permanent contribution to our standard literature. Indeed, the reader of his poems will be struck as much by the

affluence of his learning as by the exuberance of his fancy or the majestic sweep of his Miltonic imagination. Nor is it exaggeration to say that both in his prose and poetical writings we find frequent proofs of the fact that he ranged at large and at will through all the fields of human investigation.

Another element of his professional outfit was his mastery of the laws of English versification. In this matter his musical culture was exceedingly helpful to him, because of the close relationship that exists between the sister arts of music and poetry. In his masterly treatise on "The Science of English Verse" (which he wrote in an incredibly short space of time) we find the whole matter of English prosody brought within the domain of applied science. Barring a deal of rigmarole about iambuses, spondees, and dactyls, that science, "falsely so called," was in a chaotic condition. Hitherto, as Lanier claimed, criticism was without "a scientific basis for its most elementary judgments." Had he lived to riper years, he would have consummated a beneficial revolution in the art of verse-making. Even as the matter was left by him he has contributed vastly to our former fund of information, and we may confidently expect a marked advancement in the *technique* of the poetry of the future. His own inimitable versification in such poems as the "Marshes of Glynn" furnish admirable exemplifications of his teachings. Having disposed of this preliminary matter of equipment, we come now to speak of the distinctive excellences of his poetry. Not the least striking of these distinctive excellences was his

versatility. The bulk of his published poetry is not large, but his wide gamut suggests the ever-shifting melodies of the full-throated mocking-bird, whom he has so aptly styled the "trim Shakespeare of the tree."

Mr. Lanier says of Tennyson, for whom he had a more enthusiastic than discriminative appreciation, that he was "wanting in some register of wit." That is true of the amiable British laureate, as his writings abundantly testify. There is no rollicking humor, no nimble flashes of wit, no genial interplay of emotion or expression, reminding us of Pope's oft quoted line:

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Tennyson might have written an Iliad, but by no possibility could he have produced a "Rape of the Lock."

In the many-sided Shakespeare what marvelous fecundity of creation as well as sentiment! Richard the hunch-back tyrant, and Sir John Falstaff, that travesty on knighthood; Coriolanus, with his hearty patrician disdain of the populace, and Marc Antony, whose witchery of appeal charmed and captured the same babbling Demos of the forum. So likewise the melancholy Dane, wrestling with the problem, "is life worth living?" and the fiery Hotspur venting his spleen on the lordly popinjay who prated glibly of "parmaceti," as "the sovereignest remedy for an inward bruise." In these two examples we perceive the difference between what Goethe, we believe, calls "one-sided" and "all-sided culture." Shakespeare was akin to all mankind. Tennyson, whether he wrote a welcome to Alexandro-

vina or the touching story of Enoch Arden, was alike deficient in English humor and in French wit. His genius was provincial, rather than cosmopolitan. From aught that he has written we should never suspect that he was a compatriot of Lawrence Sterne, who invented Corporal Trim, and still less that he belonged to the same race with Rabelais, who related the adventures of Pantagruel. On the other hand, Sidney Lanier touched every chord of human sentiment. Contrast the light-lilting "Song of the Chattahoochee" with the dialect poem "The Power of Prayer," the joint production of himself and his brother Clifford. Place side by side his "Psalm of the West" and his ingeniously-wrought tale of the "Jacquerie," and you perceive the utter absence of humdrum, or even the slightest trace of offensive mannerism.

But perhaps the most salient point of Lanier's poetry is its lofty idealism. He was neither insensible nor indifferent to the morbid tendency of the age to materialism in philosophy, and realism in art and literature. Especially did he condemn the Byronic craze that in one form or another has tainted English poetry since the memorable morning that the Lord of Newstead Abbey waked to find his name and fame the club-talk of London from Wapping to Westminster. He had little patience with the pessimistic platitudes of Festus Bailey and even a more pronounced dislike for the sensualism of Swinburne and his followers, with their prurient fancies and erotic rhymings. Against this school—rightly named Satanic—his whole soul revolted

with infinite loathing and disgust. He thought of these bards as did Carlyle of certain German playwrights: that their writings were largely a nauseous mixture of "bawdry and blasphemy." His criticism of such men as Walter Whitman and William Morris may have an air of harshness, but it is in keeping with his whole theory of art, whether in poetry, painting, or sculpture. That theory he embodies in the terse statement that moral beauty and artistic beauty are best represented by convergent lines that meet at a common point, which is ideal beauty. This is further shown in his employment of the phrases, "holiness of beauty" and "beauty of holiness," as correlative and complementary. With striking emphasis, likewise, does he admonish the students of Johns Hopkins University that they may "abandon the hope that the ages will accept them as artists" unless "they are suffused with truth, goodness, wisdom, and love." He yet further charges them that a high moral purpose must dominate them, whether they work "in stone, in colors, or in character-forms of the novel."

To refer again to Byron, we may justly say that the lack of this "moral purpose" and of the spirit of moral goodness was the bane and blight of his writings, and lost him that immortality which by intellectual endowment he was eminently fitted to achieve. It was the presence and inspiration of this enthusiastic love of moral beauty that gave to Lanier his grandest successes. In reference to this trait of Lanier's character and genius we borrow the annexed paragraph from William

Hayes Ward, to whose excellent memorial sketch we are indebted for both valuable facts and suggestions in the preparation of this review. Mr. Ward says: "It was this constant 'San Greal' quest after the lofty in character and aim which made him worthy of fellowship with Milton and Ruskin, and which puts him in sharpest contrast with the school led by Swinburne—a school whose reed has a short gamut, and plays but two notes: Mars and Eros, hopeless death and lawless love."

But we propose now to furnish some illustrations of the idealistic trend of Lanier's muse. Wadsworth's "Peter Bell" was so intently realistic that

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more.

The tribe of Peter Bell is not extinct, but rather on the increase, in this matter-of-fact age. On the contrary, Sidney Lanier cast the glamour of his marvelous fancy over the common incidents of every-day life, and they became lustrous with supernal beauty. Indeed, things great and small are only so relatively. Trees have tongues—witness the "Talking Oak" of Tennyson—and Lanier is reported to have said that the footstalk of a violet was to him a Jacob's ladder reaching to the gates of Heaven. Let us illustrate this thought by a single familiar instance. Thousands of people who resided in the South Atlantic States during the reconstruction period will recall the scarcity of grain. This was especially true of Middle Georgia. That section

had been harried by Yankee troopers, and utterly devastated during Sherman's historical "march to the sea." The farmers, after the downfall of the Confederacy, were sorely straitened for food-supplies, and even for seed-corn. The high price of cotton stimulated its production, and materially lessened the acreage devoted to breadstuffs. This policy very soon brought the agricultural class to the verge of bankruptcy. It was with reference to this pitiable condition of things, greatly aggravated by the tumble of the cotton-market, that Mr. Lanier, while sojourning at Sunny Side, a small railway station below Atlanta, wrote his remarkable poem entitled "Corn" for *Lippincott's Magazine*. There seemed little in the theme which allowed of poetic treatment, but he touched it with the wand of Prospero, and straightway it was transfigured. By the magic of genius the tasseled corn-row became a thing of exquisite beauty. This poem was widely copied and greatly admired in all sections of the Union. While all of it is admirable, perhaps the part that best illustrates the idealistic faculty of the poet is his apostrophe to the Old Red Hills of Georgia. This apostrophe follows what he has to say of the unthrifty farmer, whom he describes as

Sailing in borrowed ships of usury—
A foolish Jason on a treacherous sea,
Seeking the fleece and finding misery.

And now comes the apostrophe :

Old Hill, Old Hill! thou gashed and hoary Lear
Whom the divine Cordelia of the year,

E'en pitying Spring will vainly strive to cheer ;
King whom no subject man nor beast will own,
Discrowned, undaughtered, and alone ;
Yet shall the great God turn thy fate
And bring thee back into thy monarch state
And majesty immaculate.

How vividly does this bring to mind that midnight storm upon the blasted heath, when Lear, a poor, weak, despised old man, betrayed by his unnatural daughters, Regan and Goneril, challenged the thunder to do its utmost—rumble its bellyful—and talks in a weird way to the zigzag lightning, and says most piteously to these warring elements: " You are not my daughters. I tax you not with unkindness. I never gave you my kingdom ; you owe me no subscription."

But this lofty idealism is still more conspicuous in the " Marshes of Glynn " This poem was designed to consist of six hymns, yet was left incomplete. Some of it, which was published, was written when he was so enfeebled by disease that he could with extreme difficulty lift his food to his mouth. There would seem to be as little poetic inspiration in the salt-marshes of Glynn as in the desert sands of Barca. The stunted vegetation is chiefly of cypress-knees and saw palmettoes. The filthy lagoons are the *habitat* of slimy serpents and unsightly saurians, and besides, the nursery of noxious insects. And yet Lake Como,* as pictured by Claude Melnotte to the trustful Pauline, was not so ravishingly beautiful when the tide was in its noon

As the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn,
Stretching leisurely off in a pleasant plain
To the terminal blue of the main.

We can not, however, within our allotted space, enlarge on this particular poem. The idealism of Lanier's poetry is after all best exemplified in "The Symphony," the grandest production of his genius, not likely to be fully appreciated for some years to come, but which of itself constitutes him the poet of a better time coming. In "an age of calculators and economists"—and we may add of philosophisms and philanthropisms—when truth and virtue and righteousness are tested by the touch-stone of the five senses, we may not look for such subtle and transcendental philosophy to receive its just recompense, either in "pudding or praise." But if in the upward march of the higher civilization there should come a resurrection day for the dead chivalries and sanctities that hallowed Calvary and flamed on Sinai, and indeed that have found fitting expression in lowlier lives and humbler ways, then this wonderful poem, will find fit audience and wide acceptance.

Neither in Alexander Pope's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" nor in the "Alexander's Feast" of John Dryden is there such a tribute to music in its higher departments as Richard Wagner interpreted it in his best scores. There are indeed single passages in the "Symphony" that might suffice to make a poet's reputation.

It remains to be said that the poetry of Sidney Lanier

is not only idealistic, but likewise ethical, and even notably Christian in its tone and expression.

All those grand old bards, whose epic songs vibrate through the ages, had, like Ezekiel or Isaiah, the *vates* gift, albeit in a smaller measure. Blind Homer, when he wrote the tale of Troy divine, or when he recounted the adventures of the wide-wandering Ulysses, saw God and his providence in things both great and small. It was wise and fitting that he should begin the Iliad with a reverent invocation of the heavenly goddess. So Virgil, in his less-impassioned recital of the warfaring and wayfaring of the pious Æneas, was not forgetful of the eternal verities. Nor was Dante, when in exile and want he sung his *Divina Commedia*, less conscious of his high mission than was the exile of Patmos when he saw the Apocalypse. In him it has been well said, "Ten silent centuries" found a voice whose echoes still abide. So too of Milton, "fallen on evil days and evil tongues." His was no "middle flight" when he spoke "of man's first disobedience," and when, later in life, infirm and blind, he sung of "Paradise Regained."

We claim that Sidney Lanier had this *vates* faculty in no small degree. Mr. Ward, his memorialist, fails to clearly recognize this religious element in his poetry. We think this constitutes his greatest merit. Nor was it due chiefly, as has been suggested, to his early Calvinistic training, but quite as much to his fine brain-tissue and his exquisite nervous organism. We grant that in his poem of "Remonstrance" he records a vigorous protest against mere ecclesiasticism. But this, properly

understood, is simply a nineteenth-century echo of the "Woe unto you, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!" which fell from the lips of Him who spake as man never spake, and who on occasion spoke as one having authority. It was in this Christly spirit that Sidney Lanier spurned the narrow limitations of merely human creeds, and challenged for the soul that larger liberty which is its birthright by virtue of redemption. Elsewhere—we ought to say everywhere—he champions the essential truths of Christianity. In "The Crystal" this is strikingly true. He says of Socrates, Buddha, Aurelius, Epictetus, and their kindred spirits, that they, one and all, were marred by "some heinous freckle of the flesh," or it might be some "little mole" that marks and seals their kinship to mankind. But of the blessed Christ he speaks on this wise:

But thee, but thee, O sovereign seer of time
But thee, O poet's poet, wisdom's tongue;
But thee, O man's best man, O love's best love;
O perfect life in perfect labor writ;
O all men's comrade, servant, king, or priest:
What if, or yet, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace,
Even in torture's grasp or sleep's or death's—
O what amiss may I forgive in thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ!

Similar utterances may be found in any of his larger poems, even when picked up at random, and clearly

warrant the conclusion that he was in no dubious sense a Christian bard.

It has already been intimated that for several years he had been a sufferer from chronic invalidism. Such, however, was his devotion to duty, and such his faculty of endurance, that he wrought at his literary tasks with only occasional intermissions. At intervals he tried alternately the soft climate of the Florida flats and then the more bracing atmosphere of Central Pennsylvania. As the end drew near he resolved to test life in the mountainous district of Western North Carolina. But neither change of scene nor climate afforded more than temporary relief. In all these years of pain and weariness he had the loving ministrations of a wife ever fond and ever faithful. In September, 1881, the supreme moment came when, as his wife touchingly writes, "that unfaltering will rendered its submission to the adored will of God." Reckoned "by figures on a dial's face" his years were few, but measured by the far-reaching results of his lifework they were like the stars for multitude.

He died at an age when Wordsworth had not written his "Excursion," nor Tennyson his "In Memoriam." What else he might have accomplished is matter of conjecture, but he did enough to be enrolled, as Mr. Ward has said, amongst "the princes of song."

We are not advised of the scenes of his death-chamber, nor indeed is it always wise to unveil these sacred things to the world's "broad-unwinking eyes." His brother poet, Henry Timrod, expressed a common

sentiment when his wife, looking into his face, tenderly said: "Husband, dear, you will soon be at rest." "Yes," responded the dying poet, "but, darling, *love* is stronger than *rest*."

A few months ago I read some beautiful lines addressed "To Sidney Lanier, on the Paradise Side of the River of Death." They were written by a Northern lady of merited distinction. Without any purpose to theologize or even to moralize unduly, I beg to express the conviction that the artistic development of Sidney Lanier, which was momentarily arrested by the stroke of death, has been renewed under serener skies in the "life elysian." It may be that he has already reached that stage of "quiet and eternal frenzy" where he has an open vision of the blended "beauty of holiness and holiness of beauty" which he ever esteemed the consummation of the poetic art and the climax of all high literary excellence.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay*,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,

The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Superb and sole, upon a pluméd spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summ'd the woods in song ; or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
What e'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain :
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakespere on the tree ?

THAR'S MORE IN THE MAN THAN THAR IS IN THE LAND.

I knowed a man, which he lived in Jones,
Which Jones is a county of red hills and stones,
And he lived pretty much by gittin' of loans,
And his mules was nuthin' but skin and bones,
And his hogs was flat as his corn-bread pones,
And he had 'bout a thousand acres o' land.

This man—which his name it was also Jones—
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones,
Fur he couldn't make nuthin' but yallerish cotton,

And little o' *that*, and his fences was rotten,
And what little corn he had, *hit* was boughten
And dinged ef a livin' was in the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got,
And he riz and he walked to the stable lot,
And he hollered to Tom to come thar and hitch
Fur to emigrate somewhar whar land was rich,
And to quit raisin' cock-burs, thistles and sich,
And a wastin' ther time on the cussed land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,
Pertestin' that folks was mighty big fools
That 'ud stay in Georgy ther lifetime out,
Just scratchin' a livin' when all of 'em mought
Git places in Texas whar cotton would sprout
By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he driv by a house whar a man named Brown
Was a livin', not fur from the edge o' town,
And he bantered Brown fur to buy his place,
And said that bein' as money was skace,
And bein' as sheriffs was hard to face,
Two dollars an acre would git the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,
And Jones he bought him a waggin and tents,
And loaded his corn, and his wimmin, and truck,
And moved to Texas, which it tuck
His entire pile, with the best of luck,
To git thar and git him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones farm,
And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm,
And he picked all the rocks from off'n the groun',
And he rooted it up and he plowed it down,
Then he sowed his corn and his wheat in the land.

Five years glid by, and Brown, one day
(Which he'd got so fat that he wouldn't weigh),
Was a settin' down, sorter lazily,
To the bulliest dinner you ever see,
When one o' the children jumped on his knee
And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And thar was Jones, standin' out at the fence,
And he hadn't no waggin, nor mules, nor tents,
Fur he had left Texas afoot and cum
To Georgy to see if he couldn't git sum
Employment, and he was a lookin' as hum-
Ble as ef he had never owned any land.

But Brown he axed him in, and he sot
Him down to his vittles smokin' hot,
And when he had filled hisself and the floor
Brown looked at him sharp and riz and swore
That, "whether men's land was rich or poor
Thar was more in the *man* than thar is in the *land*."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The stray child of Poetry and Passion.—*Mrs. Osgood.*

The life of this greatest of American Poets constitutes the most romantic chapter in the history of modern literature.

Born as he was, in the first decade of the nineteenth century, and having died within the memory of some of the present generation, the date and place of his birth, and even the manner of his death and entombment are still matters of grave disputation. No little of this biographical "muddle" is due to the artful concealments and startling mendacities of Rufus Wilmot Griswold, his self-constituted literary executor, and unfortunately his earliest biographer. A majority of writers and readers taking their cue from Griswold, have fixed upon Baltimore as the place, and 1811 as the date of his birth. Poe, himself, in an article published in a New York journal, avers that he was born in Boston, January, 1809, a fact he is careful to subjoin, of which "he was heartily ashamed, but for which he was in no wise personally responsible." Griswold asserts that this is a hoax. Later investigations, however, strongly corroborate Poe's statement. He was born in

Boston while his father and mother, who were professional actors, were playing a dramatic engagement for the sinful diversion of the descendants of those staid Puritans, who prohibited Tennis playing by statute and straitly forbade the husband to kiss his wife on Sunday without saying grace before and after the sumptuous smack.

Poe, however, always claimed to be a Southerner because of his Southern lineage. His ancestors had resided in Maryland for one hundred years before his birth. His grand-father was a distinguished officer of the famous Maryland line in Revolutionary days, and was, besides, an intimate friend of LaFayette, whom Carlyle jeeringly styles "Grandison Cromwell, the hero of two hemispheres." Poe's father was a lawyer of Baltimore, who married Elizabeth Arnold, an English actress of good repute, and of considerable distinction in her profession. His family were at first greatly offended by this *mesalliance*, as they esteemed it, but shortly afterwards received his wife into their circle.

While yet a child, Poe, together with his elder brother William Henry Lennox, and his only sister Rosalie, were reduced to orphanage and destitution. His mother died in Baltimore December, 1811, and his father perished in the memorable conflagration of the Richmond Theater, December 26th, of the same year. Some people of a morbid theological bias saw in this last named occurrence the vengeful hand of a retributive Providence. But we suffer that to pass without challenge or controversy. The Baltimore relatives took

charge of his brother and sister, while Poe, himself, was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy and childless citizen of Richmond, Va. This gentleman of the old school found his foster-child a wayward lad, self-willed, but at the same time a boy of brilliant promise. While yet quite young he carried him to England and placed him for five years in the select school of Rev. Dr. Bransby, an Episcopal clergyman, at Stoke Newington. Poe had many vivid memories of those early school days and reproduced some of his experiences in his masterly story of "William Wilson." Dr. Bransby was a fair specimen of old-time pedagogy, a sort of curious compound of Dominie Samson in Waverly, and Dr. Primrose in "The Vicar of Wakefield." He was doubtless proud of his American pupil, who was *facile princeps* amongst his English fellow students. Poe had a knack of heading his classes and was their recognized leader in out-door sports and exercises.

At the end of five years he returned with his god-parents to Richmond, where he spent a short time in school in that city. Thence he was transferred to the University of Virginia, matriculating at the immature age of sixteen years. He remained at this venerable institution but a single year, exhibiting both brain and brawn, and as usual, carrying off the prizes for Latin and French. Being a petted child of fortune, it is not surprising that his conduct was not the most exemplary.

President Maupin, in answer, however, to the false charges of Griswold of general bad behavior, says that there was no accusation against him on the records of

the Faculty. It is, notwithstanding, pretty certain that he was fond of both long and short cards and contracted gambling debts, which Mr. Allan refused to pay—the cause of the first serious rupture between the son and father. For a time he turned his back on the paternal mansion. During this season of estrangement he coquetted with the “sacred nine” and published a volume of Juvenile Poems for private circulation. One of these juvenalia he many years afterwards read before the Boston Lyceum. His transcendental audience applauded it with “three times three,” “especially those knotty passages,” says Poe, which he himself did not understand. Unluckily he divulged the hoax over a bottle of champagne with Whipple the critic, Cushing the diplomat, and other personal friends. When the Middlesex Junta of literary *artisans* learned that they had been victimized they pelted Poe with the choicest epithets of the fish market. His only reply was, that his poem deserved all that was said of it. He still farther increased the furious outcry by asserting that he had written and printed the offending poem when he was only ten years of age. This, of course, was a bit of mischievous exaggeration which served his main purpose.

But we take up afresh the thread of our narrative. A partial reconciliation between the father and son resulted in the appointment of Mr. Poe to a cadetship in the Military Academy at West Point, upon the recommendation of General Winfield Scott. His stay at the Military Academy was made unpleasant to the young cadet by his invincible aversion to the constraint of its

drill and discipline. His reckless disobedience to orders led to his dismissal from the service. Ingram, one of his best biographers, suggests that it was "the old story of Pegasus hitched to the plow." We rather prefer the similar antique story of Hercules holding the distaff of Omphale. His undignified leave-taking of West Point is followed by two years of oblivion. His enemies have spoken of his enlistment in the regular army and subsequent desertion as pertaining to that period. Another story is, that he and his god-father again quarrelled, and Poe in a freak of enthusiasm set out to help the Greeks in their struggle for freedom. Others say that Warsaw was his objective point, his purpose being to assist the Poles in their desperate contest with Russia. In this same connection we have an account of sundry adventures in St. Petersburg and London, that are purely apochryphal. It is possible that the whole story was a "Comedy of Errors" growing out of the confounding of the great Poet with his less distinguished brother, William Henry Lennox Poe. It is clear, however, that for some reason, Poe was himself strangely reticent in regard to this period of his life. Meanwhile Mr. Allan had married his second wife, a Miss Patterson, who brought him a son and heir, and Poe found himself practically disowned, and ultimately cut off without a shilling.

Our first distinct glimpse of him after these two years is as a competitor for two prizes offered by a Baltimore paper, the *Saturday Visitor*, for the best poem and the best tale. He was awarded both prizes, an event which

not only relieved him from pressing pecuniary need, but secured him the favorable notice of Mr. John P. Kennedy, the author of "Swallow Barn" and other publications of solid merit.

Griswold with his usual snap and snarl attributes his success in this literary venture to his beautiful chirography. The certificate of the committee fully disproves that gratuitous assertion. The tale that obtained the prize was one of the best of his earliest productions, afterwards published in his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," and the Poem which won the other prize was "The Coliseum" which was a classical gem. While sojourning at Baltimore Poe perpetrated a practical hoax which cost him a deal of trouble. He announced that on the morning of April 1st, he would with the help of his newly invented flying machine, fly from one shot tower to another, a distance of about three hundred feet. The announcement excited great expectations with the simple-minded and unsuspecting. An immense throng assembled to witness the feat, but Poe did not appear. In the afternoon he published a card of regrets stating that he could not keep his engagement because unfortunately one of his wings got wet.

The disappointment roused the ire of the rabble and grave threats were made of personal violence. At this juncture Poe was indebted to the kind offices of Mr. Kennedy for an editorial position on the *Southern Literary Messenger*, when he was fairly launched on the turbulent sea of literature. It was soon discovered that "no prentice hand" was on the helm, and the *Messenger's*

circulation jumped from seven hundred to five thousand subscribers. During this engagement Poe wedded his beautiful cousin, Virginia Clemm, who clung to him with true wifely devotion, until sorrow and sickness bore her from his arms to the "distant Aiden." Shortly after this marriage Poe removed to New York and there began a literary career strangely chequered—but that gave him in the end a world-wide reputation. At this point we drop the narrative and proceed to discuss him under the three-fold aspect of Romancist, Critic and Poet.

America has produced no such story writer as Edgar Allan Poe. There have been single examples of great excellence, such as *The Spy* of Cooper, the George Balcombe of Beverly Tucker, the Richard Hurdis of Simms, the *Scarlet Letter* of Hawthorne, and perhaps a dozen others of equal merit, but the *A. Gordon Pym* of Poe, which went through several English editions, the shorter tales of the "Grotesque and Arabesque," and many others of a later date gave him pre-eminence as a raconteur at home and abroad, and resulted in the founding of a new school of fiction on both continents.

From the general mass of these stories we select *The Gold Bug*, the *Murders of the Rue Morgue* and *Ligeia*, for special consideration. "*The Gold Bug*" was a prize tale based upon the tradition of Captain Kyd and his buried treasures. That bold buccaneer with his marvelous adventures was for long years the theme of newspaper scribblement, and of fireside gossip along the Atlantic slope just as Lafitte and his piratical exploits

were afterwards a topic of discussion along the Gulf coast. It was quite natural therefore, that this story should win thousands of readers at a time when the three R's were little appreciated and less practiced than in this age of common schools. We distinctly remember, when a boy, that we invested all our pocket money in its purchase, and that we read it with a zest, little if any, short of our interest in the strange wayfaring of Lemuel Gulliver. After the lapse of nearly fifty years we read it again and again with a relish that time has not sensibly abated. Indeed as judged by the tone of contemporary criticism, American and European, it still holds its place as one of the masterpieces of the world's romance. In this story Poe displays that unrivalled analytic faculty, which characterized his other tales, of "William Wilson" and that more striking story, "The Fall of the House of Usher." In this he distanced all competitors amongst American tale writers, not one of whom deserved to be named in the same breath with the single exception of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Even Hawthorne's best tales, including Wakefield, probably his very best, were tame and uneventful in comparison.

Long after the doggerel refrain

"My name was Captain Kyd
As I sailed, as I sailed,"

has faded from the popular memory, will the "Gold Bug" be read with intense interest by successive generations amongst the civilized peoples of the world!

Another story that Poe published about the same time produced a wider and profounder interest. We

refer to the "Murders of the Rue Morgue." In the presence of this mysterious wholesale butchery the crime of Eugene Aram, and the midnight murder of Crowinshield "pale their ineffectual fires." The sensation of horror is greatly heightened by the discovery that the sole factor in this murderous work was a runaway Ourang who eloped with his master's razor.

Its publication was hailed with delight on both sides of the Atlantic. It was immediately translated into a number of foreign languages, and in France it received the warm endorsement of the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

In the construction of the plot and the unfolding of the mystery Poe exhibited that wonderful "ratiocinative process" which Lowell spoke of by contradiction in terms as "innate experiences," but which is better expressed by the old fashioned word, Genius. It was, indeed, that peculiar intuition which enabled Poe to forecast the plot and denouement of "Barnaby Rudge," while as yet only the initial chapters had been published. This achievement drew from Dickens a letter of acknowledgment, which was highly complimentary to the American story writer.

A greater production than either of the two just noticed was "Ligeia," which Poe always esteemed his best literary work in that line. Its suggestion, if not its inspiration, as he always insisted, came from a dream. Like the fabled "Vision of Mirza," which Addison describes in one of the earlier numbers of *The Spectator*, or Coleridge's opiate dream of Kubla Khan—it was one of those singular fancies "begot 'twixt sleeping and

waking," which has always been a perplexity to psychologists. Ingram says that the theme of "Ligeia" was well suited "to the dream haunted brain of Poe, and in his exposition of the thoughts suggested by its application, he has been more than usually successful." Even Richardson admits that in the *post mortem* experiences that it relates "there is a stolid fixity of faith that rises *per aspera ad astra*, and at length exclaims, 'Eureka!' all is life—life—life within life—the lesser life within the greater, and all within the spirit Divine."

This element of supernaturalism is a distinctive feature of Poe's prose and poetry, and is one of their chief excellencies; indeed, we may add, the prime secret of their attractiveness.

Those who are familiar with the prose tales of Poe will readily recall a number of his stories like "The Pit and the Pendulum," the "Fall of the House of Usher," "The Facts in the case of M. Valdemar," "The MS Found in a Bottle," etc., etc., that are even more interesting to the average reader than the three already considered.

Individually, we have been more absorbed and at times thrilled by the narrative of A. Gordon Pym, than by anything in the shape of a tale that has come from the pen of Poe. It occupies a broader field than Robinson Crusoe, has more startling developments, and is not less noted for its verisimilitude. This last feature is so perfect that thousands are half persuaded that it is a veritable history of naval adventures in the Antarctic ocean.

To bolster up the specious theory that Poe was incapable of a long sustained effort, Richardson in his intensely Yankee History of American Literature, pronounces this story along with his unfinished Tragedy of Politian a manifest failure. Not so is it regarded in Europe, nor in this country by capable and conscientious critics. For ourself we are at a loss to understand in what notable respect it is at all inferior to the great work of Defoe.

While much of the literary work of Poe is fragmentary, there is no reason to infer his incapacity for more elaborate and extended effort. Those who are familiar with the details of his life readily understand that this habit was largely the result of necessity rather than the product of deliberate choice. To what extent our literature has suffered from this cause is a matter of mere conjecture. It is as well at this point as elsewhere, to say that Griswold, who managed by trick or otherwise to obtain possession of his posthumous papers, is suspected of suppressing some of these writings. Amongst them was a finished manuscript entitled, "Phases of American Literature," which if prepared with Poe's usual painstaking industry, would have been of immense value. So that Griswold is not only chargeable with the *suggestio falsi* but with the *suppressio veri* as well.

Richardson, in his History of American Literature, has the candor to place Poe in the front rank of American romancists, and denies that either Brockden Brown, Cooper or Paulding are entitled to the same rank with him and Hawthorne. This concession from a New

England source is a weighty testimony to the extraordinary merits of Edgar Allan Poe as a master of fictive literature.

AS A CRITIC.

No American, if indeed any English reviewer has equalled Poe as a critic. What Francis Jeffries did for English literature, Edgar Allan Poe, with fewer facilities, accomplished for American literature, with this notable difference, that Jeffries was utterly lacking in constructive ability as to poetry, and, as a consequence, was occasionally wide of the mark. That pestilent fellow, R. H. Stoddard, whom Poe threatened with corporeal punishment for his impertinence, asserts that Poe was not a critic, whereas the London *Quarterly Review* says that he was "potentially the greatest critic that ever lived," having an ear for rhythm unmatched in all the ages.

This special faculty Poe first developed in the pages of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. His review of "Norman Leslie," and his exposure of the geographical blunders and historical fallacies of "Stephens' Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petrea and Palestine," constituted an era in American review writing. It revealed the fact that a veritable "Daniel had come to judgment," who had both capacity and courage, who was neither to be purchased by publishers' bribes nor cajoled by the blandishments of authors. Prof. Anthon and others, proprietors of the New York *Review*, made haste to secure his services in the critical department of that publication.

Poe's advent as a critic was not an hour too soon. The country was flooded with literary trash, and his marvelous insight and outlook made him a terror to evil-doers in every department of literature. Especially was he dreaded and denounced by poets of the "Laura Matilda" school, who figured in the "Annuals" then so much in vogue. People who had gone into ecstasies over the pious platitudes of Mrs. Sigourney, the principal of the blue stocking sisterhood, with headquarters under the ancestral elms of New Haven, were shocked by his critical blasphemies. The "turn-down-shirt-collarness" of Boston was amazed at his iconoclastic fury. The bare-faced imitations, if not downright plagiarisms, of Longfellow, enshrined in gilt-edged and morocco-bound octavos, were dragged into the light. Even Hawthorne, despite his "Scarlet Letter" and "House of the Seven Gables," was made to do penance for the platitudes of his "Twice Told Tales." As for that larger class who were represented by the lyrical gush of Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," and the epic bombast of Seba Smith's "Powhatan," they were ground to impalpable powder between the upper and nether millstones. At the same time Poe recognized the remarkable gifts of Margaret Fuller, and gave the New England *literati* some adequate conception of the intrinsic merits of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

These conscientious but caustic criticisms gave mortal offense to Griswold, and like literary pretenders. But the critical work of Poe which produced the greatest sensation was a series of articles which he contributed

to Godey's *Lady's Book*, entitled "The Literati of New York." They caused a flutter, only equaled by Dickens' *Notes on America*. Mr. Godey, the publisher, was menaced with withdrawal of patronage and libel suits without number. But he had the manliness to stand by his contributor. His circulation was greatly enlarged because of these obnoxious criticisms, and the libel suits never materialized. Thomas Dunn English *nee* Brown, a Grub street writer, was highly indignant because Poe twitted him with his utter ignorance of English grammar. His towering passion made him the butt of the clubs and coffee houses, and his reply to the critic cost him several hundred dollars because of its slanderous aspersions.

James Russell Lowell, an author of fair reputation undertook a counter-blast in "A Fable for Critics," which caused Mr. Poe, while conceding his general literary ability, to point out his inexcusable ignorance of the elementary rules of poetry particularly as they pertain to rhythm.

As for the lesser deities of our American Parnassus, Wm Ellery Channing, Jr., Cornelius Matthews, W. W. Lord, Rufus Dawes, Lewis Gaylord Clark and other inanities, who may be grouped under the head of "Quacks of Helicon," he relegated them to Coventry.

The severest of these critical papers was one devoted to Thomas Ward, who sported the pseudonym of "Flaccus." We offer it as a specimen brick. Poe is discussing a poem entitled "The Great Descender," in which is commemorated "Sam Patch," who ended a

worthless career by a jumping feat, we forget whether at the Niagara or Passaic Falls. "We never could understand," says Poe, "what pleasure men of talent can take in concocting elaborate doggerel of this order. Least of all can we comprehend why, having perpetrated the atrocity, they should lay it at the door of the muse. We are, moreover, at a loss to know by what right, human or divine, twddale of this character is intruded into a collection of what professes to be poetry. Mr. Ward is pleased to denominate Mr. Patch a 'martyr of science.' That Mr. Patch was a *genius*, we do not doubt; so is Mr. Ward. But the *science* displayed in jumping down the falls is a point above us. There might have been some science in jumping *up*." Poe says that, even considered as a rhymed *jeu d'esprit*, it is a wretched failure.

"Mr. Ward," continues Poe, "is constantly talking about 'thunder guns,' 'thunder trumpets' and 'thunder shrieks.' He has a bad habit, too, of styling an eye 'a weeper,' as, for example, at page 208:

'Oh, curl in smiles that mouth again,
And wipe that *weeper* dry.'

Somewhere else he calls two tears "two sparklers" very much in the style of Mr. Richard Swiveller, who was fond of denominating Madeira "the rosy." Farther on he adds: "Who calls Mr. Ward a Poet? He is a third rate or ninety-ninth rate poetaster. He is a gentleman of elegant leisure, and gentlemen of elegant leisure are for the most part neither men, women nor Harriet Martineaus."

It will be perceived that as a Reviewer, Mr. Poe was in the parlance of the prize ring "a hard hitter." But he had too much of the Cavalier spirit "to strike below the belt." No English or American Critic was more appreciative of real merit, and when possible he always gave the seeming transgressor the benefit of the doubt.

Indeed his critical estimates were largely tempered with mercy. Witness his statement, that Beverly Tucker's "George Balcombe," was the greatest American novel, and his striking leniency towards several of his bitterest personal enemies, and most unscrupulous maligners.

Some devout believer in special Providence has said, that whenever a man is needed for some special work he is sure to be forthcoming. History, both sacred and profane, we think justifies this statement. But whether it be fact or fancy there is little doubt, as we have before intimated, that a well equipped critic like Poe was urgently needed at the close of the first forty years of the present century. It was emphatically as respects literature an age of fudge and fustian alike in prose and verse. Nor does it admit of serious doubt that whatever the merit, and it is at least considerable, of our current literature, no little of it is due to the directness and thoroughness of Poe's criticism of his contemporaries. He accomplished a reformation in American literature the nobler issues and richer fruits of which we have not yet fully realized. The *Knickerbocker* of that day was the patron of common-place, and the *North American Review* of that date was run in the

interest of a literary clique, selfish and partisan to a degree well nigh incredible. We do not claim that Poe was either infallible or impeccable, for he had not less than other illustrious writers his human weaknesses and limitations. But this we are warranted in saying, that by precept and example he has indicated the way by which American literature can free itself from colonial vassalage and attain as it has already done, in part, a self-respecting literary independence. Nor otherwise may we hope ever to realize

“The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.”

By way of *addendum* to this sketch of Poe as a critic we will farther say, that the much talked of International Copyright law will inure more to the emolument of American Publishers and native authors than to the advantage of the reading public. This policy is another phase of the Protectionist theory which deserves to be scouted as legalized robbery. It will result, in so far as it has any practical effect, in loading our library shelves with inferior wares, and thereby inducing a yet greater depravation of the popular taste.

AS A POET.

After all, the permanent renown of Poe will rest chiefly not on his eminent ability as a critic, nor yet on his matchless skill as a romancist. A century hence his masterly critiques will be well-nigh forgotten; a few of his best stories will be still read with the same interest that we now read the Tom Jones of Fielding, or the Caleb

Williams, of Godwin, but his principal poems will be of perennial interest, because they are in themselves examples of perennial beauty and striking incarnations of eternal truth.

The entire mass of his poetry is not large, but it is, in an almost unparalleled degree, superb in quality as to its conception and thoroughly artistic as to its execution. To compare Poe to Longfellow is like comparing "Hyperion to a Satyr." The author of *Hiawatha*, even if the poem was not of more than doubtful originality, is gradually losing his hold, except upon simpering school girls and sentimental under-graduates. His *Evangeline* and a very few of his shorter poems may linger, but the meretricious jingle of the metrical rhapsody yclept *Hiawatha*, cannot save it from the fate of Barlow's *Columbiad* and Trumbull's *McFingal*. On the other hand, the world will, as the years go by, more and more recognize the truth of Victor Hugo's estimate when he says that Edgar Allan Poe was the "Prince of American literature."

It is fortunate that Poe found time in the intervals of more pressing literary work to prepare his thoughtful essays on "The Poetic Principle," "The Rationale of Verse," and on the "Philosophy of Composition." They are well known to contain some peculiar views of the writer that are worthy of deep consideration. With the greater portion of these views we have no quarrel. We accept his postulate that a didactic poem, such as "Armstrong on Health," Pope's "Essay on Man" and Darwin's "Zoonomia," is palpably absurd. What

is said by these several authors in rhyme and rhythm might be better expressed in plain prose. But his Procrustean limitations of all poems to two hundred lines, or even a half hour's reading, is a rule not without obvious exceptions. A definition or theory of poetry which would exclude the *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost* must be radically defective. And yet there is more in this unique suggestion than appears at a mere glance. The *Iliad* is largely a compilation made by Pisistratus from the minstrel songs of wandering Homeridæ. Homer is not less a mythical personage than the Keltic Ossian. As respects *Paradise Lost*, if we except the three first cantos it falls immeasurably below the *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas* and *Comus* of the same immortal author.

It is highly probable that poems of greater length than can be disposed of in a half hour's reading will not be tolerated by the literary public of the next century. Poe in this matter has provoked severe criticism, and yet it may be that, as in other instances, he is simply anticipating the later judgments of mankind.

His other proposition, that beauty is the great end of poetry, to the exclusion of all ethical considerations, is too sweeping a generalization. Mere moralizing is not the special function of the poet; that belongs properly to the Priesthood, Pagan or Christian and its various adjuncts. And yet Poetry and her sister arts of Sculpture, Painting and Music must not be divorced from the idea of duty and righteousness.

Poe himself admits as much in the closing paragraph

of his discussion of the Poetic Principle. "It has been my purpose," he says, "to suggest that while this principle itself is strictly and simply the human aspiration for supernal beauty, the manifestation of the principle is always found in *an elevating excitement of the soul*, quite independent of that passion which is the intoxication of the heart, or of truth, which is the satisfaction of the reason."

He further says that, in regard to passion, "its tendency is to degrade rather than elevate the soul. Love, on the contrary—love, the true, the divine Eros—the Uranian as distinguished from the Dionean Venus—is unquestionably the purest and truest of all poetical themes."

His illustrations from Byron, Longfellow, Willis, Tennyson and others are apt and instructive.

His other essays on "The Rationale of Verse" and the "Philosophy of Composition" relate chiefly to the technique of versification, and may be profitably studied by all who are interested in the science of English verse. We need only remark that the former is the work of a master. The latter purports to be a revelation of the genesis of "The Raven," to which we shall make incidental allusion when we come to the analysis of that greatest poem of modern times.

It is a fact that with the exception of what are known as his Juvenile Poems, Poe had won a lasting reputation as a raconteur before he was appreciated as a Poet. In order of time the "Gold Bug" and his other best stories

preceded the publication of his great master-pieces of Poetry.

His earlier poems, it is true, were prophecies of his later achievements. Indeed Lowell speaks of them as the best of their class, and Stoddard describes some of them as absolutely perfect. The lines "To Helen"—"The Coliseum," and some portions of *Politian* and *Al Aaraaf*, are certainly of a higher order than anything then known in American poetry. The two first named especially, were worth a volume of such commonplace as Bryant, Halleck and Drake, were wont to write. But his later poems which we shall presently consider are "the notes of the Dying Swan." It was not until fate had done its worst, and there lay all around him the wreck of blighted hopes and blasted fortunes, that his soul was wrought to its highest tension, and he was uplifted to the "highest heaven of invention." As he stood

"By the dark tarn of Auber
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir"

fronting "a legended tomb" with the simple monogram—"Ulalume."

As when aforetime in "the dreary midnight" of his deepest sorrow, he talked gibberish with "the ungainly fowl" as erst the melancholy Hamlet with the besmirched grave diggers. At such times as these he caught more than glimpses of "the Dantean and Miltonic vision of the mighty right and the mighty wrong," and was henceforth admitted to the "glorious fellow-

ship"—of the Homers and Shakespeares and Goethes of all the ages.

There is a striking difference of opinion amongst the ablest critics as to the comparative merits of these later poems, such as "Annabel Lee" "The Bells" "For Annie"—"Ulalume" and "The Raven." We have neither space nor inclination to speak of any but the second and fifth in this list.

Critical writers of no mean reputation, regard the first two in the list as Poe's best poems. Without meaning to depreciate them, we must utterly dissent from this estimate. As our own Hayne has said in a well-written tribute to Poe :

"With sober eye and pinions furled
The sombre Raven roams the world."

It is instinctively associated with the memory of Poe, and has been read and admired in the four quarters of the globe.

It has been commented upon most favorably and enthusiastically by such poets as Tennyson and Swinburne, in England ; by Victor Hugo and Lemaitre, in France. Germany and Spain have bestowed upon it and its author their meed of praise. Boston critics characterize it as weird and incomprehensible. Weird it unquestionably is ; so is the Macbeth of Shakespeare, and the Apocalypse of St. John, but for a critic to call it incomprehensible in a depreciatory sense, is simply to publish himself an ass.

It is true that distinguished writers have disagreed as to the correct interpretation of "The Raven." So like-

wise eminent divines have given variant expositions of the 7th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Are we, therefore, to conclude that St. Paul's epistolary masterpiece is a bundle of incongruities? The naked truth is that all great products of human genius, as well as all great products of Divine inspiration, have a manifold significance. No two observers see the same landscape, nor do any two readers, even if twin brothers, get the same teaching, whether from parable or poem.

"The Raven" has a history that is highly suggestive of its meaning.

A European writer has said that the "Raven House" will be remembered as long as the house in which De Lisle wrote the Marseillaise hymn. It was situated on the Bloomingdale road at a point then secluded, but now within the corporate limits of New York. Poe had engaged rooms in a suburban boarding house, hoping that rest and quietude would restore the failing health of his cherished "Lenore." His expectations were disappointed. This frail child-wife steadily declined, and one stormy night, in "bleak December," he saw her pale, pulseless, and for a time breathless. He touched her and thought her dead. At this sorrowful crisis he wrote "The Raven." Contrary to his habit, he published it in the *American (Whig) Review* for February, 1845, under the pseudonym of "Quarles." His purpose, evidently, was to keep his secret alike from friends and foes.

This was not merely a mischievous aim to mystify the multitude, as he was wont at times to do, but was done

because he esteemed this domestic sorrow as sacred. With a similar intent he afterwards wrote as he did of the artistic construction of "The Raven." Laying all that aside as a matter of secondary importance, we come to the main question, What is the central idea of the poem? We reply without hesitancy, it is the question of the Ages. It is not the subordinate problem of Matt-lock, Is life worth living? That was the perplexity of Hamlet, and in some degree of Cato Uticensis, in the tragedy of Addison. Instead, it is the question of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" It is answered by Job in that rapturous Eureka: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." It is a slander on inspiration to say that in this Job had only reference to his subsequent reinstatement in his former worldly prosperity.

Furthermore, this great question underlies "The Tragedy of Faust." I lay no great stress on the fact that Goethe, in the Prologue in Heaven, introduces a colloquy between the Lord and Mephistopheles, almost identical in verbiage with that between God and Satan in the book of Job, showing most clearly that the sacred Drama was in the mind of the sage of Weimar. The musings of Faust in that high vaulted Gothic chamber are not unlike the sombre meditations of Poe in the "Raven Room." Faust too has sought "surcease from sorrow" not sorrow for a "lost Lenore" but for heart weariness "in many a quaint and curious volume

of forgotten lore." He has mastered Philosophy and Medicine and Jurisprudence, and to his cost Theology. And now he is heartily disgusted, and concludes.

"That no dog in such a fashion would longer live."

After communion with the earth spirit and divers colloquies with Wagner and others, he is again alone. This time he Werther-like is intent on self-destruction. Just as he puts the goblet to his lips brimful of a deadly potion, he hears from a neighboring chapel or convent a chorus of voices singing the Easter hymn—*Christ is risen*. It is like balm to his chafed spirit. The suicidal purpose is instantly foregone. He lives to a hundred years. Instead of going straight to Hell, according to the old German tradition of Dr. Faustus, he is at last spirited away by a company of angels to Heaven where he is ministered to by the once cruelly wronged Gretchen. Once more this great question is deeply pondered by *Ione*, in Sergeant Talford's more recent classical drama. Indeed, the question in one form or another, pervades the best literature of the world.

We recur to "The Raven," where this question is more strikingly dominant. Not as a quiet undertone merely, but as the very keynote of this grand poem.

Poe, as Mrs. Clemm testifies, was habitually impressionable by the supernatural. At this juncture he seemed in the very presence of death; and no doubt, in a higher sense than the German Faust or the Greek *Ione*, he was nervously grappling with this problem of eternal destiny.

We, of course, are not unaware that in his "Philosophy of Composition" he expressly states that the thesis

of the poem is "unending sorrow." It is at least doubtful whether the whole story of the genesis of "The Raven," as related in that paper, is not a studied mystification. In this opinion we are not singular, very many—perhaps a majority—of writers only conceding the substantial truthfulness of that document.

It is a truism that most men "have builded wiser than they knew." The old Hebrew Prophets could not always interpret their own message.

We have referred to Poe's special environment at the time of its production. The clearest conception of this may be obtained from the masterful illustrations of Gustave Dore and a careful study of the poem.

Knowing the exquisite nervous organism of the great poet, we are not surprised that he was "filled with fantastic terrors" by "the rustling of the purple curtain." It was not the first or the last time that Poe stood in the border-land of emotional insanity. Nor is the rapping at his chamber door, and the later tapping at his window lattice, other than his own weird fancies. These experiences of a "sorrow-laden soul," coupled with an intense imaginative faculty, are essentially identical with the "knockings in Macbeth" and the "air-drawn dagger" that shook the strong nerves of the Thane of Cawdor when he moved towards the chamber of Duncan.

One of the best of Dore's illustrations is of that scene where, having partially rallied from his distraught condition, he throws the door wide open, and peering into the dismal outer darkness, speaks only "the whispered word Lenore." His attitude, his upraised hands, his

wild stare into that night of storm, sheds a flood of tenebrific light on the tragic situation. Brooding over the loss of his wife, which then seemed imminent—the question of immortality is uppermost in his thoughts. How wildly plaintive is his appeal to the “grim and ghastly Raven” perched upon the bust of Pallas, just above his chamber door. Tell me—tell me “is there balm in Gilead” to soothe and heal this else immedicable woe? In the next stanza the question of reunion in Heaven is brought forward with the tremendous adjuration :

“ By the Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aiden
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the Angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the Angels name
Lenore?

Quoth the Raven, ‘Nevermore!’ ”

This reply instantly drives him to frenzy, and up-starting with a shriek of agony, he rejoins :

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian
shore.

Leave no black plume as a token of the lie thy soul hath
spoken.”

To our mind it is perfectly evident that it was this “black lie” that lay like a mighty millstone on his heart that was suggestive of the despairing outcry of the next stanza :

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,

Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

This, we confess, gives a coloring of truth to the statement that "The Raven" is a type of unending sorrow. But this terrible revulsion of feeling ought not and can not hide from our view the fact that the poet's intuitions challenged and spurned the refrain of that "shorn and shaven" prophet—whether "bird or devil"—perched above his chamber door. At the worst this despair was but a momentary eclipse of faith.

Elsewhere he realizes that this same Lenore is lifted far above the mists of the earth-life:

"From grief and groan to a golden throne beside the King of Heaven."

Similar expressions of his belief in the life everlasting may be found in his lines "To one in Paradise," "Annabel Lee," and in many of his Prose writings. Nothing can be clearer than that he was neither a Materialist nor a Pessimist.

That our interpretation of "The Raven" will be controverted we expect mainly, if not exclusively, for the reason that in his "Philosophy of Composition" he himself says, that it is emblematic of "mournful and never-ending remembrance." However interpreted, and in regard to that we are not deeply concerned, it will be evermore reckoned as the great American Poem.

Having devoted so much space to its consideration, we shall barely refer to his next greatest poem, "The Bells."

This was one of the latest, as well as best productions of his genius. In its earliest form it consisted of but eighteen lines, but it was revised, and afterwards expanded to its existing proportions. All the critics regarded it as a marvel of rhythmical skill, and like "The Raven" as thoroughly unique as it is original. It bears the unmistakable imprint of its great author. A professional elocutionist of more than local reputation assured us that no man in America could properly render "The Bells." It would require a greater diversity of gifts than Poe himself possessed, to bring out all of its hidden meanings and its greater mystic beauties. And yet perhaps, none of the poems of Poe is more frequently recited on the stage and platform. Nor any of them, it may be, more heartily enjoyed and more vociferously applauded.

An analysis of it would carry us far beyond our allotted limits. In summing up with reference to the merits of Edgar Allan Poe as a Poet, we cannot convey a better idea of his present status in the literary world than to refer to the estimate of Mr. Jules Lemaitre, a distinguished French writer. Lemaitre, in his "Dialogues of the Dead," does not hesitate to class him with Plato and Shakspeare, and on some lines to assign him a higher position than the great English dramatist. Richardson, who in his late utterly partisan History of American Literature rarely misses an opportunity to disparage Poe, alleges that the extravagant admiration of the French people for the author of "The Raven" is a taste national rather than catholic. So far is this

from being true, that the best English authorities pronounce him "the greatest American genius." Germany and Spain and Italy have already ratified this decision. When the Boston literary clique shall have recovered from Poe's scathing strictures on "Longfellow and Other Plagiarists," New England, too, will help to swell the general acclaim, and then the whole country will accept the statement of Victor Hugo, already quoted, that POE is the PRINCE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AS A MAN.

Baudeliere, the French poet, says in substance of Edgar Allan Poe, that he seemed an imperial wanderer from some lost Atlantis, whose lot was strangely cast in "bleak and desolate America." He was clearly out of harmony with his Providential environment. American literature was at that period, if not strictly non-existent, at least in a chrysalis condition. There was neither a Mæcenas to encourage by his munificence, nor a literary constituency sufficient to sustain professional authorship by its patronage. His first important literary engagement, as previously stated, was the editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. For this he received a salary of five hundred dollars, a yearly income hardly equal to the earnings of a second-class house carpenter. At a later period he received better wages, but never after his marriage did his utmost exertions provide otherwise than scantily for "Diddie" and "Muddie," his invalid wife and his infirm mother-in-law. As a consequence he was always financially straitened, and in

some emergencies he, like Jaffier in "Venice Preserved," was forced to eat the bitter bread of dependence. And yet under this terrible stress he was scrupulously honest and exact, even to a farthing, in his business transactions. We, in common with all the world, are apprised that Griswold impeached his business integrity. But Graham, Willis and Clarke, with whom he was most intimately associated, bear witness to his unswerving fidelity to his engagements.

For months he was not merely contented to do the hack-work of the editorial office of the New York *Mirror*, but he did it cheerfully. Reared from his childhood in the midst of luxury in the family of his god-father, Mr. Allan, of Richmond, Va., and then disowned and disinherited, he was seldom known to indulge in fruitless repinings. Yet his sad experiences, chiefly the death of the loved Lenore, gave, if not a pessimistic tinge at heart, a mournful undertone to some of his best poems.

Physically, he was not large, but singularly athletic. His forehead was lofty and his side-head well developed in the region of ideality. His eyes were large and lustrous. His dress was scrupulously neat, and his whole bearing graceful and dignified. Indeed, he was as courtly as Chesterfield in manner, and as knightly in spirit as Sir Philip Sydney, on the field of Zutphen. In the domestic sphere, he was womanly in tenderness and devotedness, not only to his wife, but to his mother-in-law. In social life his Norman blood betrayed itself in frankness of speech and suavity of manner. A distinguished female personage has said, that as a conver-

sationalist, he had no peer amongst his contemporaries. Griswold, himself confesses, that at times he spake with an eloquence that was "supra-mortal." He was not a Monologist as was Coleridge, nor a Pedant as was sometimes the the "Autocrat of the Breakfast table." Nor did he indulge in censoriousness like Sam Johnson, or Walter Savage Landor. His conversation seemed unpremeditated and was characterized by an avoidance of all that might mar "the general joy" of the table or the fireside.

The slanderous allegations of Griswold, which were reproduced in the January *Lippincott*, are a series of Munchausenisms. Poe's later biographers, as Ingram, Gill, Miss Rice and James Wood Davidson, have taken up these charges seriatim and disproved them by a mass of testimony absolutely overwhelming. He was never expelled from the University of Virginia, was not dismissed from the *Southern Literary Messenger* for drunkenness, but resigned to accept a more lucrative position on the New York *Review*; never quarrelled with Graham or Willis, as these gentlemen testify. The men and women who knew him best and longest, assert that he was the soul of honor, having all the instincts of a gentleman.

After all, the single blur on his escutcheon was his inebriety. In the main he was abstemious in eating and drinking. But in the "latter lonesome days" of his chequered life he indulged in wine-drinking to his own personal shame and detriment. Months usually intervened between these paroxysms of debauchery. That

they occurred at all was due in a great measure to his exceptional susceptibility to the influence of intoxicants. So great was this susceptibility that a single convivial glass was to him a Circean cup that embruted him and occasionally almost demonized him. A clergyman says that he knew a solitary glass of ale to reverse his mental polarity so that, whereas before drinking he was talking with inimitable eloquence on literature and science, in a very few minutes afterwards he was reduced to the verge of drivelling idiocy. It is noteworthy that Poe never resorted to artificial stimulants to aid him in his literary labors. Coleridge and De Quincy, the former a whilom Unitarian minister and the latter a writer of Theological Essays, had recourse to opium as a spur to their flagging faculties. Byron was indebted for much of his inspiration to Holland gin. Even the "gentle Elia" was a frequent winebibber, but Poe never yielded to the temptation unless when suffering from a melancholia near akin to downright madness. And yet for this infirmity he was hounded to his grave and cruelly defamed after his death.

In all this we do not mean to defend Mr. Poe against fair-minded criticism. It was a sad spectacle—this man of transcendent gifts wallowing at intervals in a "sensual sty." In the vast range of literature there is scarcely an example that better serves to point a moral, or to enforce the precept of Solomon (himself not above reproach)—"Look not upon the wine when it is red—for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." If in this matter he grievously sinned, "most

grievously did he answer it." And now let not this frailty be remembered in his epitaph in other than that Christly spirit which said to the adulterous woman, "Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more."

As with reference to the date and place of his birth, so likewise somewhat of mystery pertains to the manner of his death. The old story, revived by Stoddard, of a protracted debauch, ending in *mania a potu*, is exploded. For months previous to his death he had rigidly abstained from drinking. That a few days before that event he had been guilty of excesses, is barely possible. The evidence rather favors the opinion that the denouement of this blood-curdling tragedy was an insane paroxysm aggravated by exposure, followed by nervous exhaustion and congestion of the brain. Dr. Moran, who attended him in his last hours, proposed wine, which he promptly refused, adding those memorable words, "Its horrors who can tell!" His last coherent utterance was: "All is over—Eddie is no more."

Standing in thought in that Hospital ward beside his lifeless form, we recall the lines "For Annie."

"Thank Heaven!
The fever called living
Is conquered at last."

If any proof were needed of the old dogma of total depravity, it is furnished by the fact that Griswold, whom Stoddard styles Poe's "life-long friend" two days after his death, wrote in the columns of the New

York *Tribune*, a most scurrilous attack upon the dead Poet, shielding himself behind a rascally "Anonymosity." A meanness so flagrant that a European writer indignantly asked if there was no law in America "to keep curs out of the cemeteries." The revenges of time have already more than vindicated the memory of Poe. No American author is so highly esteemed in England, France and Germany, the great centers of modern civilization. When a few years ago a handsome monument was erected to him, at Baltimore, many of the greatest living writers of both hemispheres paid their tribute to his phenomenal genius. Amongst them was Tennyson, the venerable English Laureate, who was one of his most ardent admirers.

As for Griswold, whose Ghoulish enmity Poe incurred by his caustic, but conscientious review of the "Poets and Poetry of America," he has long since found his just recompense in the hearty contempt of the world of letters. One eminent author has likened him to "mine ancient" honest Iago. We prefer rather to characterize him as the *Ananias* of literary biography. Begging pardon of that phenomenal liar of the mother church at Jerusalem for the possible wrong done him by the suggestion, we dismiss Griswold with the rabble that train after him with the ancient words of exorcism, *Apage Satanos*.

Poe's contemporaries, and some who long survived him, were perplexed about his religious creed. A few have doubted if he had any creed, at least of the Christian sort.

It would be difficult to find in his writings any satisfactory clue to his individual convictions in regard to dogmatic Theology. Because of some utterances in his "Eureka" it has been claimed that he was inclined to the Theosophy of the East—say some sort of Brahminism or Buddhism. We think undue stress is laid on the speculative views of that prose-poem. Because he accepts the Nebular hypothesis, and then makes the Newtonian law of gravitation a factor in the destruction of the material universe, we are not to conclude that his Theology was essentially anti-Christian. There are some expressions scattered through his writings which would indicate that he believed in the impersonal God of Pantheism. By parity of reasoning, however, we might convict Alexander Pope, who was a staunch Romanist, of the same heresy. Poe, as a result of his study of Oriental literature, had a relish for Oriental fancies, but we are persuaded that in his calmer and better moods he was not the doctrinal reprobate that his enemies alleged.

The whole tenor of his best poetry is against this hypothesis. Besides, if we have not utterly failed in our interpretation of "The Raven," then the great dogmas of Immortality and Eternal Judgment, and their correlative truths, met with his hearty acceptance. Most assuredly he did not blaspheme like Shelley in his "Notes to Queen Mab," which daring impiety Leigh Hunt thought was avenged by the "most religious sea" in the bay of Spezzia. Nor did he scoff like Byron in his "Cain, a Mystery" and in "Don Juan." Still, can-

dor constrains us to admit that Poe was in a painful degree a stranger to the religious sentiments which pervade the writings of Wordsworth and Tennyson, and which are the chief charm of the poetry of such contemporary American bards as Bryant, Whittier and Longfellow.

This admission will, of course, be fatal with that class of moralists whom Poe describes as "keeping themselves erect by perpetually swallowing pokers." Some of them are sincere, but not a few of them are of the Pecksniff tribe whom Hudibras so facetiously characterizes. Men who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

To many of these perfunctory anathemas, the proper reply is in the words of the master, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" We know but in part even as to ourselves, how much less as to others. So that it may often happen that

"The sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed away."

Such harsh moral judgments may find approval in an age of "cant and conventicles," but as in the case of Poe are sure to be reversed in a period of greater moral and intellectual enlightenment.

We append one of Poe's earliest and one of his latest Poems.

TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore.
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Pysche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

ULALUME.

THE skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October

Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,

Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian :
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs :
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in spite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming :
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming

With Hope and in Beauty to-night :—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.”

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom ;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb ;
And I said—“ What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb ?”
She replied—“ Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume !”

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried—“ It was surely October—
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dead burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here ?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir.
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoulish-woodland of Weir.”

"A BIOLOGICAL THERMIDOR."

Grant Allen, the English biographer of Charles Darwin, has said that from the date of the publication of that notable book, "The Origin of Species," the scientific world has been in the midst of a "biological *Thermidor*." To those who are familiar with French history during the closing years of the eighteenth century this phase is both significant and startling. It is suggestive of the guillotine; it smacks of the Menadic insurrection and of Phrygian caps of liberty; it thrills with the stirring notes of the Marseillaise, and what else contributed to make the first French Revolution "the bloodiest picture in the book of time."

So during the twenty-five years and more which have elapsed since Darwinism became a topic of scientific disquisition and popular discussion we have had heavy fighting all along the line of the Christian evidences, the principal point of attack and defense being as to "man's place in nature." This, indeed, has been the *Thermopylæ* of the struggle.

According to the latter-day scientists man is in no just sense the product of creative skill or energy. On the contrary, he is a lineal descendant of an unsightly mud-fish that in the ages of the long ago floundered at low tide on the shores of an immemorial sea. From this

lowly beginning he has been slowly elevated to his present physical proportions and intellectual endowments.

Mr. Darwin, in the last chapter of his "Descent of Man," ventures the opinion that his immediate progenitor was most probably a hairy quadruped with peaked ears and a pronounced caudal appendage, which made the trees his dwelling-place. Ernest Hæckel, the German anthropologist, thinks that our nearest ancestor was the "speechless man," whose living representatives are seen to-day in the cretins of Switzerland and other mountainous countries, and also in the various idiotic and deformed specimens of humanity which are occasionally found in all countries. Entertaining such views of man's origin, it is not to be wondered at that he is in their estimation a decidedly vulgar and even diminutive fraction in the grand calculus of creation.

In broad contrast with these views is the scriptural presentation of our humanity. According to the sacred Scriptures, man is the first-born of every terrestrial creature; a being of royal descent and destiny; a being so illustrious that he was divinely invested with dominion over the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea; moreover, a being whose birth-hour was celebrated by the angels who kept their first estate, and whose cradle was rocked by the same mighty hand that meted out the heavens with a span and garnished them with resplendent beauty and ineffable glory.

This first man was not the primeval man of Sir John Lubbock's crude imagining, but rather the Adam of

"Paradise Lost," having angels for his evening guests and God for his daily companion. Here we might rest the argument, but instead we address ourselves to the threefold inquiry: When, where, and how did man originate? As to the when and where of this inquiry we shall study brevity possibly at the expense of clearness and force. As yet, however, the *data* bearing on these points are insufficient in number and certitude; and any conclusions we might reach would be of necessity provisional. The same, in part, might be stated of the whole theory of evolution. While it is in its mere outline as old as the Greek philosophy, yet in its later aspects it is of recent birth. Pritchard, the reputed father and founder of anthropology, has died within the memory of some now living. Lamarck himself wrote in the first year of the present century; and Robert Chambers, author of "The Vestiges of Creation," belongs to the Victorian era of English history. It is safe to say that as a science it is still in leading-strings, and that its wisest advocates are but "squatters" in the Far West of learning. It follows that it ill becomes an expert, much less a self-confessed layman, to dogmatize in regard to the when, where, or how of the genesis of man. I remember well when there was a deal of palaver and pother in scientific circles with reference to the Guadalupe man and the sub-cypress Indian of the Mississippi Valley. It was claimed by a few scientists that these were the skeletons of a pre-Adamite race, but the claim was disputed by the great body of professional geologists. More recent discoveries—as of

the Neanderthal skull at Dusseldorf, Germany, and of the numerous human fossils in Southern France and in other widely-separated osseous deposits in the New and Old Worlds—have given a fresh impulse to the discussion of the antiquity of man. It is now generally thought that the Aurignac race was contemporary in Southern Europe with the mammoth and the cave bear. All efforts, however, to find the tertiary man have been abortive. So much is this true that no reputable anthropologist asserts that there are any satisfactory proofs of man's existence beyond the quaternary period of the earth's history. Some attribute this lack of proof to the warped and broken condition of the geological record, and are confident that unmistakable traces of this primitive man will yet be found in the earliest strata of the tertiary age. To us it appears that at the present stage of scientific discovery this hypothesis is so thoroughly without legs that its opponents may fairly insist on a finding more decisive than a Scotch verdict. And yet there must be some modification of theological views as to the antiquity of man. While I do not accept the statement of Professor John Tyndall that man is a being of strictly secular growth, I do accept the statement that he is not a thing of yesterday. Nor do I esteem it a heresy to say that he is not a thing of six thousand years ago. This opinion in no wise conflicts with a fair interpretation of Genesis, and is more in harmony with Bible history. If, as is now universally believed, the days of creation were immense geological eras, then, although man was created late in the

evening of the sixth day, yet it leaves ample room for the ten thousand years of man's inhabitation of the earth, which, according to Professor Dana, is all that geology requires.

Moreover, the historical fact mentioned in the Bible that there existed in the Valley of the Nile a high state of civilization in the days of Joseph is not easily reconciled with the received chronology. Besides, to show how little reliance may be placed on this chronology, you have only to remember that there is a discrepancy of one thousand years between the Hebrew and Samaritan chronologies. We may be well content, therefore, to leave this problem as to the *when* of man's creation to future developments for its approximative solution. In no event will that solution affect the authenticity or credibility of the sacred Scriptures. Nor is the second inquiry as to *where* man was created a vital question. Upon this point, however, there are two widely-divergent theories. A majority hold with much tenacity to the theory that all branches of the human family proceeded from a common geographical center, usually located on the table-lands of Western and Central Asia. Starting from this point, they have by successive migrations peopled the various continents and islands of the globe. The ablest expounder of this theory is Quatrefages, the eminent French anthropologist. He makes it plausible, but it is evidently embarrassed by almost insuperable difficulties. On this dubious hypothesis of a common origin is largely based the belief of the physical unity of the races. Without staying to weigh or

determine its scriptural and scientific value, we submit another theory whose greatest advocate was the illustrious Swiss naturalist, Louis Agassiz. He maintained that, just as there were several distinct centers for the creation of animals and plants, so likewise there were nine distinct realms for the creation of man. This theory he elaborated and illustrated by a multitude of facts drawn from all parts of the earth. For example, the island-continent of Australia has a fauna and flora unlike any other in either hemisphere. With the exception of the opossum of North America, there is not a single marsupial in the world outside of Australia nor is there a solitary aboriginal mammal in Australia that is found elsewhere. The same fact holds with reference to the flora of Australia. Not a single vegetable species known to Europe, Asia, Africa, or America is indigenous to her soil. The same or similar facts obtain everywhere. The polar bear of the arctic regions, the llama of Peru, the armadillo of Brazil, the tiny humming-bird of the American coast—these and thousands of similar instances illustrate the theory of Agassiz in regard to plants and the lower animals. Not less is this theory vindicated by the broad line of demarkation between the New and the Old World monkeys and the geographical limitations of the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang—the highest in the scale of anthropoid apes.

At the date of the discovery of America there was not a single animal found on this continent that was known to the zoology of the Old World. These differences are accounted for, as some suppose, by the differ-

ence of environment. In our judgment, the doctrine of distinct centers of creation is more accordant with these facts of observation. Indeed, several eminent scientists have conceded that, but for its seeming conflict with the scriptural dogma of the brotherhood of man, the opposite view would have no following apart from the infidel evolutionists who believe in uniform development "from protoplasm to Shakespeare." That the Bible does inculcate the brotherhood of man may be admitted without accepting the theory of the physical unity of the races. That brotherhood, properly interpreted, does not rest on the basis of derivation from a single pair or a single geographical center; but on a like moral nature, on a common sense of moral responsibility, a common theistic conception, a common intuition of immortality, and, most of all, on the scriptural declarations that Jesus Christ, "by the grace of God, tasted death for every man," and that "he is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe." All this is precious truth that may be consistently held without the acceptance of such narrow and utterly misleading statements as originated with Anacharsis Clootz during the "Reign of Terror," and have found a responsive echo amongst the cranky philanthropes of the present century. The fruits of such teaching are realized in Negrophilism, which is but a phase of anarchism, and in other disruptive tendencies that perpetually threaten society with a return of "chaos and old night."

We come now to a question of broader significance than those to which we have already referred. That

question relates to the *how* of man's genesis. This branch of our inquiry is of vital import. There is no disguising the fact that it presents a life-and-death issue between natural science and revealed religion. If, as the disciples of Darwin claim, that distinguished scientist not only established the fact of organic evolution, but developed also the process; or, as one of them puts it in Aristotelian phrase, discovered the $\pi\omega\varsigma$ as well as the $\delta\tau\iota$ —then one or the other must inevitably go to the wall. Most of our readers can recall Topsy, the slave girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, when asked, "Who made you?" innocently replied: "I wasn't made; I jest growed."

This reply of Topsy embodies the germ-thought of evolution. As intimated in the former part of this article, this theory is by no means a speculative novelty. It existed thousands of years before Charles Darwin started upon his three years' voyage as the naturalist of the "Beagle."

The philosophers who disputed with Paul in the market-place at Athens, while differing in details, were fully agreed that matter, even in its grossest forms, had in itself the promise and potency of all terrestrial things. Lucretius, in his poem, "De Rerum Natura," set forth a similar philosophy. So little of originality is there in Darwin's boasted discovery that Le Conte has said that if there had been no Agassiz there could have been no Darwin. So likewise others of his ardent disciples. Nor does it admit of sober questioning that for his views of natural selection he was indebted to his abler contem-

porary, Alfred Russell Wallace. While, therefore, he was not the moral monster that some have depicted him, still less was he the great discoverer that Sir Charles Lyell and others claim him to have been. Carlyle is not wide of the mark when he said that, like all the Darwins, from Erasmus, the author of "Zoonomia," to the latest generation he was rather weak than wicked.

But we are now less concerned with the author himself than with his theory of organic evolution. Evolution, in its popular acceptance, is unquestionably true within certain well-defined limits. As has been said by an eminent writer, it is "continuous, but paroxysmal." This paradox, while it seems, as do all paradoxes, to involve a contradiction in terms, is the very gist of this age-long and world-wide controversy. Any other theory of organic evolution is embarrassed by two insuperable difficulties. These are spontaneous generation and transmutation of species, either or both of which are utterly lacking in proof. It is safe to say that there is not in all the thousands of years of the historic period a scintilla of evidence in support of either hypothesis. Even such pronounced evolutionists as Huxley, Tyndall and Spencer confess that this is true as respects spontaneous generation. But they think it probable that, by some as yet undiscovered combination of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, and hydrogen, with the help of electricity, a living organism may be evolved. Those who are acquainted with the experiments and manipulations of the laboratory, with reference to this result, will know the intrinsic worthlessness of this scientific conjecture.

In "The Vestiges of Creation" it was roundly asserted that a living organism had been produced by the transmission of the electric current through a solution of silicate of iron. This organism was christened *Acarus Crossii*, in honor of the discoverer; but later investigation, with the aid of a powerful microscope, proved that the new-comer was simply an old-fashioned inhabitant of the beetle family that abounds in the debris of dilapidated houses and other waste places. For anything brought to light by the most diligent researches of the scientist the venerable axiom, "*Ab ovo omnia*" still "holds the fort" against all adversaries.

Here, then, as before stated, is an insuperable difficulty in the way of evolutionism. Until this chasm is bridged we are not prepared to accept the Spencerian postulate that "creation is unthinkable." There is more philosophy in Voltaire's saying that if there was no God it would be necessary to invent one, if for no other purpose but to meet the exigences of this nebulous theory, "sent into this breathing world scarce half made up."

But if the argument for spontaneous generation breaks down, what better can be said of transmutation of species by the law of natural selection or the survival of the fittest? In nothing is the inconclusiveness of Darwinian logic more conspicuous than in his reasoning from the effects of artificial selection, in producing varieties amongst domesticated fowls and cultivated plants, to the generation of human species. Because, forsooth, the numerous varieties of pigeons—the swift-winged carrier, the

dizzy tumbler, the self-satisfied fan-tail, and others—are all developed from the blue-rock pigeon by artificial selection, therefore he argues that natural selection has by a practically-incalculable series of changes evolved the highest style of man from the jelly-fish. If this be science, away with it; if this be logic, cast it to the dogs. The supreme silliness of this inferential reasoning will appear in this that by the counteractive law of reversion to type, this same flock of pigeons, if turned loose on a desolate island in mid-ocean, would return to the primitive *Columba livia* of the naturalist; illustrating the law of the fixity of species, which is unrepealable except by an act of the Divine Lawgiver who enacted it for the conservation of the harmony of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Of like tenor is his argument drawn from the artificial fertilization of orchids. As in the former instance, he insists that by the same law of natural selection the humblest reed shaken by an evening zephyr has through vast eons been developed into the Norwegian fir, the brave old English oak, and even the red-woods that a learned geologist tells us were stranded on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada at the close of the glacial epoch. If this be the credence of scientists, let us hear no more of the superstitious credulity of the “Judæus Apella” of the Roman satirist, and let these gentlemen cease their harping about an “unknowable God” and an “unthinkable creation.”

But we propose now to test this scientific dogma of transmutation of species by what Huxley has styled “the method of Zadig,” which, after all, is the old

common-sense method, which is at once inductive and deductive. Zadig was an Oriental sage who figures in one of Voltaire's novels. His method may be aptly illustrated by an incident. A Bedouin chief walks out from his tent in the morning, and observes the unmistakable foot-prints of a camel in the desert sand. He says to Hamed: "A camel passed our tent last night." "How do you know?" says Hamed; "did you see him?" "No," rejoins the chief, "but here you see his foot-prints, and I know it as well as if I had seen him." This, says Huxley, is the method of true science, and and we endorse the statement. Now for the application.

In the Silurian age of geology the seas swarmed with mollusks of marvelous number and variety, with occasional *crustacea* like the cray-fish, or, as we called it in boyhood, the craw-fish—a sort of a fresh-water lobster. Toward the close of this age there were a few trilobites, which evolutionists claim to be intermediate or transitional forms, but which Agassiz styled "prophetic types." All of them, however, were invertebrates. After the lapse, it may be of thousands of years we reach the Devonian age of the geologist. Here we find an abrupt change in the forms of animal life. Hugh Miller, with his hammer and other equipment, was prosecuting his geological studies in the old red sandstone of Scotland, and in its earliest *strata*, when he came unawares upon a vertebrate fish. Nor was it of an inferior type of organism, but on the contrary a ganoid of complex structure and of enormous size—eighteen feet in length. When the great geologist made this dis-

covery he reverently exclaimed: "Here I see the footprints of the Creator." Was not this reasoning after the method of Zadig? What say the infidel evolutionists to Hugh Miller's logic? Do they suggest that there are missing links between the mollusks of the former age and the ganoids of the Devonian? Let these missing links be brought into court, or else let the captious critic hold his peace. Mark their inconsistency. They find by careful searching a few chipped flints, with an occasional arrow-head or stone hatchet in the Abbeville drift, and they straightway rightly conclude that these are proofs of man's presence and skill. But when Hugh Miller finds the *astereolepis* in the old red sandstone—with its symmetrical form, its well-constructed eye as perfect for its purpose as the best optical instrument manufactured at Dresden or Vienna—these same gentlemen pooh-pooh the suggestion that here is overwhelming evidence of a special creation. This identical proof runs through the whole geological record from the dawn of animal life to the psychozoic age, when man appears as perfect in physical structure as he is seen to-day in London or Paris.

We know full well that Huxley, in his discussion with Gladstone, insists that the several dynasties of fishes, reptiles, mammals, etc., were not successive, as taught in the first chapter of Genesis. Modern research, he argues, has shown that they were largely simultaneous; but as yet the only evidence he adduces is the casual discovery of the wing of an insect in the silurian rocks, and a few other supposed facts quite as insignifi-

cant. But let us now, as we best may, ascertain from the testimony of the rocks "man's place in nature."

From the carboniferous age, when the earth was covered with gigantic ferns, we find a dim foreshadowing of the coming of him who was afterward made in the image of God. The immense coal-deposits and the vast iron-beds in close proximity pointed to this Age of Iron. Why else were these two minerals, so indispensable to the higher human civilization, garnered up in the bowels of the earth, except as preparatory to God's crowning creation and "time's noblest offspring?" So likewise with the domestic mammals—the cow, with distended udders for nourishment; the horse, with his symmetry and fleetness for journeying; the ass, with his capacity for burden-bearing; the sheep, with his fleece for clothing of greater value than that which Jason and his brother Argonauts sought through tempestuous seas and wearisome years. Was it mere hazard that just as these useful animals appeared upon the stage the fierce *carnivora* were swept away by some cataclysm, or else gradually shut up in the jungles of India or in the sun-scorched deserts of Africa? Is there here no proof of design, no evidence of special ends in creation? Was there in all this no gracious provision made for the comfort and well-being of man, in whose likeness there should be revealed "in the fullness of time" the sublime mystery of the incarnation?

The acknowledged scientists of the present age—such as Alfred Russell Wallace, President Dawson of the British Scientific Association, and many others—would

respond affirmatively. One, and by no means the least, in this body of *savans* has said that whenever he saw a jockey mount for the Derby cup he realized that the horse was from the beginning predestined for the service of man.

We have said that when man was created he was, as far as we may judge, perfect in his anatomical structure and well equipped every way for his divine mission of subduing the earth. The "Pithecoïd man" is a superstition of the infidel scientists. There is no trace of him in either the Mosaic or geologic record. When the Neanderthal skull was first examined it was thought there were some marks of Simian affinity. Especially was it alleged that the low forehead and the corrugated brow were evidences of savagism. The same was for a time said of the other fossil remains of man; but even such writers as Oscar Schmidt, of the University of Strasburg, now admit that these remains of "the oldest man" known to us display "a high grade of development." So much, or rather so little, for the existence of a missing link which shall unite the gorilla with the degraded tribes of Western Africa.

It may be well, in the summing up of the argument, to subjoin a few of the most notable admissions of the most eminent evolutionists that may serve to rebuke and silence that flippancy of tongue which characterizes a class of shallow thinkers who prate about the superstition of creationists. Professor Tyndall, who is a worthy successor of Michael Faraday, says: "Those who hold the doctrine of evolution are by no means ignorant of the uncertainty of their *data*, and they yield

no more to it than a provisional assent." Stripped of vagueness, that theory implies that the genius of Shakespeare, the wisdom of Plato, and the art of Raphael were once latent in a fiery cloud of primeval mist. "Surely these notions," says Tyndall, "embody an absurdity too monstrous to be received by any sane mind." Such utterances of this leading scientist are enough at least to exclude the insufferable dogmatism of Ernest Hæckel and his school. Alfred Russell Wallace, who is fairly entitled to the credit of the natural selection theory, while he admits its satisfactoriness up to the genesis of man, is constrained to allow that at this point it fails, and that the creation of man calls for Divine intervention. Here, according to the Horatian precept, is a "nodus" that requires the presence and hand of a God to unravel.

From this conclusion there is no door of escape except by unearthing the pre-glacial man. Hitherto his existence is a matter of pure conjecture. Nor does it avail to speak in this connection of a mutilated geological record, seeing that from the beginning of the tertiary era to the diluvial period there has been no serious disturbance of the stratified rocks, and consequently only slight breaks in the continuity of that record. It follows inevitably that the so-called man-ape is a fiction of like sort with the fabulous centaurs and mermaids of Greek mythology. And yet it is obvious that without this "missing link" there is an end of organic evolution so far as it relates to the human species—the *homo sapiens* of Linneus.

Between the lowest phase of savagism and the highest form of the anthropoid there is a wide and an impassable gulf of separation. It is not simply a question of the comparative volume of brain, or of the presence or absence of the much-talked-of hippocampus minor, or of the prehensile big toe of the newborn child. These are subordinate issues that have not a feather's weight in this controversy. The "arc of human thought" is wider than "the angle of perception," or else it might stagger in the face of these perplexities. Of hardly more significance is the argument which Professor Joseph Le Conte has based on homologous structures and embryological *data*. The former are in a large measure fanciful, and the analogies, when true, are such as might be expected to obtain between all vertebrated animals. As for the latter, they are of such little worth that Von Baer, the most eminent embryologist of this or any previous age, has repudiated the assertion that "the embryos of the higher types actually pass through forms permanent in the lower ones." On the contrary, he says that "the type of each animal seems from the first to fix itself in the embryo and to regulate its whole development." These are all essentially side issues that do not reach the core of the main question. Granting all that is claimed for them by their most learned advocates, there are vaster issues which are not compassed by this purblind logic. The superiority of man is indeed best seen not in his peculiar and superb anatomy, but in that sense of responsibility to God which Daniel Webster says is the most awful thought that his mind ever

conceived. It is found not so much in his shape or gesture, grand as these confessedly are, but, as Kant has said, in "a moral law within us" only comparable in its vastness to the "starry firmament outspread above us." We are well apprised that Herbert Spencer includes this and much more besides in his scheme of cosmical evolution. And thus God is thrust out of his own universe, and man is the inhabitant of a world doomed to eternal orphanage. Wiser than this philosophy is the simple faith of the savage, who

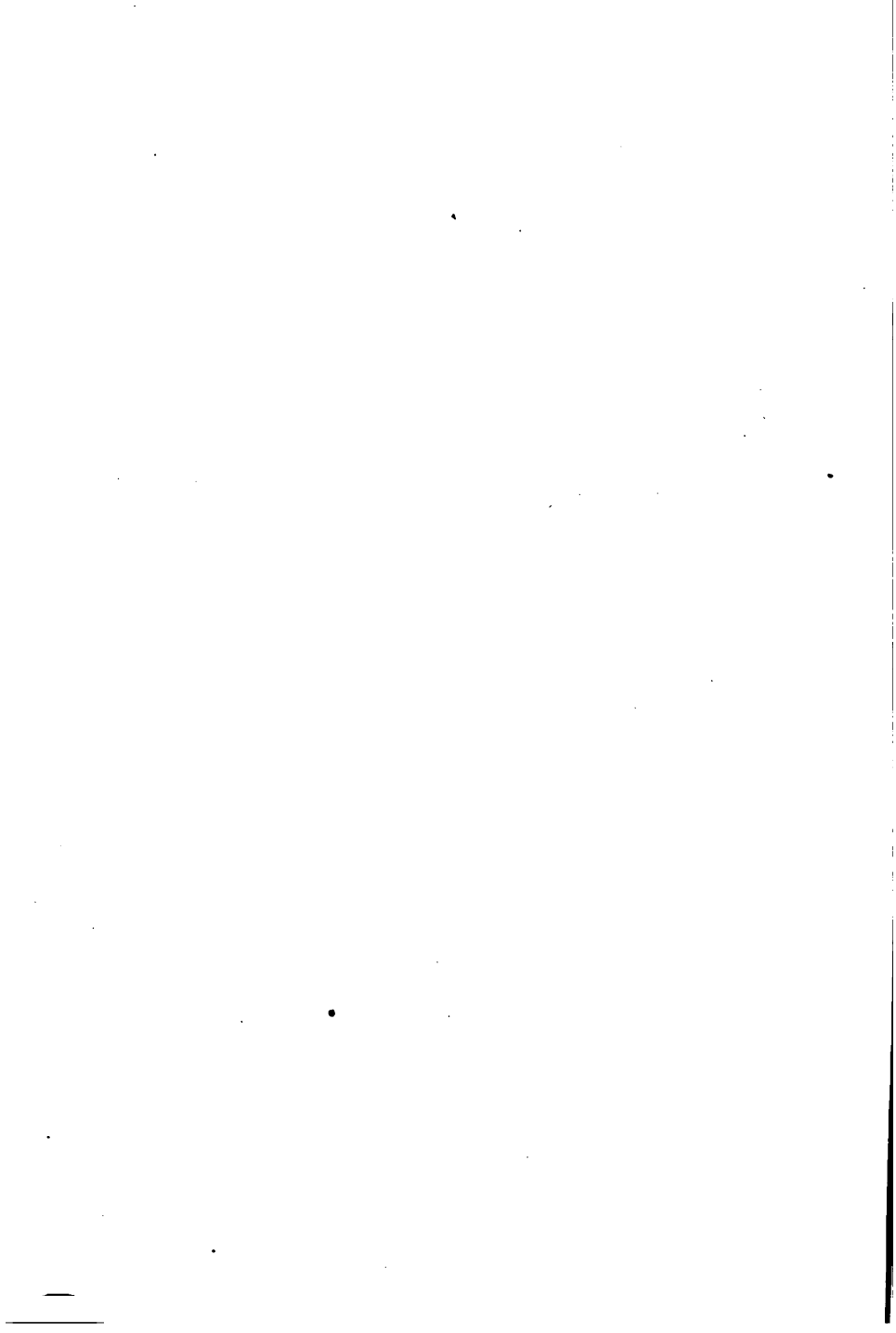
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind.

If demonstrably true, it would be better to bury the dreadful secret deeper "than plummet-line has ever sounded." Most assuredly, then, there is no just occasion for the foolish jesting of these "learned Thebans" at the expense of their opponents, who still cling to the eternal verities, and who still reverence the eternal sanctities of Theism. It is no trivial matter to despoil humanity of its faith in a personal God who cares for oxen and notes the fall of a sparrow—a God so loving and merciful that he lights up the dark valley of death with the torch of eternal hope, and promises to his "ransomed ones" a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Better the horrid hells of Dante's *Inferno* than the blood-curdling visions and specters of this terrible nightmare of Materialism. Most beautifully and touchingly does the bard of Hope apostrophize:

For this hath science searched on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
O star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then let us read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
And, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record and blush to give it in.

When we recall the fact that the English army "swore terribly in Flanders," then the unpremeditated oath of "Uncle Toby" may seem a venial transgression. Not so, however, the sin of him who "sets his mouth against the heavens," and even scoffingly asks: "How doth God know? and is there knowledge with the Most High?"

ESSAYS.



THE CARDINAL AND THE PREACHER.

Plutarch has furnished us with numerous striking, historical parallels. A volume equally large might be filled with broad, historical contrasts.

Thomas Wolsey sprung from the ranks of the common people, and, by dint of genius and enterprise, rose by rapid strides to the Arch-Bishopric of York. The munificence of his sovereign, Henry the VIII endowed him with the revenues of a large number of ecclesiastical livings scattered throughout the realm. So enormous was Wolsey's income that he built Hampton Court and gave it to Henry for a Royal residence. He founded, likewise, Christ's Church College at Cambridge, and, in the spirit of the Roman Mæcenas, bestowed large benefactions upon men of letters. His devotion to the Church amounting almost to ultramontaniam, secured for him a Cardinal's hat. Not contented with this elevated, sacerdotal rank, he became an aspirant for Pontifical honors. The quarrel of his sovereign with Leo X, together with the jealousy of his fellow courtiers, and the bitter antagonism of the Spanish and French Cardinals defeated his ambitious aims. This disappointment was itself a crushing blow; but his subsequent refusal to abet the matrimonial infidelities of the "Royal Blue Beard," who had hitherto been his friend and patron, drew upon the

unfortunate Cardinal the persecutions of Anne Boleyn, the mistress of the hour.

It was at this most eventful period of his life, when abandoned by his Royal master, stripped of his honors, and hounded to the death by heartless foes, that Shakespeare puts into his mouth those memorable words of counsel to Cromwell, his staunch retainer :

“Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
For by that sin the angels fell,
Let all the ends thou aimest at,
Be thy country's, thy God's and truth's,
Then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, thou fall'st
A glorious martyr.”

Lear, worn, weary and homeless, and crazed by the cruel treatment of Regan and Goneril, was in a less sorrowful plight than the downtrodden Cardinal, when, after a wearisome travel, he approached the gates of Leicester Abbey. Addressing the Abbot, he said :

“Father Abbot, an old man, broken in the
storms of state,
Comes to lay his bones among ye ;
A little earth for pity's sake.”

A few days after his arrival he died with no attendants but the holy brethren, who ministered to him the sacraments of his Church, and the consolations of religion. How has the mighty fallen ! But yesterday he had as the motto of his signet ring : “*Ego et Rex meus.*” “Now lies he there and none so poor as to do him reverence.”

The moral of this most thrilling history may be summed

up in a single text: "Seek not the honor that cometh from men, but the honor that cometh from God."

Look on that picture, and then on this: When the history of American Methodism shall be fully written, few names will occupy a more prominent place than that of Lovick Pierce.

Like the illustrious ecclesiastic, of whom we have just written, he sprung from obscurity, but, unlike him, his educational advantages were exceedingly limited. In despite of this, however, he early reached the highest distinction as a preacher. It is true that he never attained to Episcopal honors, nor did he ever wield a commanding influence in the General Conference. Like Edmund Burke, he was ill adapted to the leadership of deliberative assemblies.

Indeed, it is but just to say that he was deficient in the faculty of organization, and possessed only moderate administrative ability. As Whitfield, the prince of pulpit orators, founded no sect, so Lovick Pierce consummated no great reform in the economy of Methodism. Eminently conservative, as he was, in reference to the fundamental doctrines of the Church, he was evermore full of plans for the improvement of its polity. Nearly all of these proposed reforms were lost in the Committee on Revisals.

We come now to speak of Lovick Pierce, simply as a preacher of the Everlasting Gospel; and in this respect he has had few equals, and no superiors in the American pulpit. He had neither the thorough scholarship, nor the analytical power of Stephen Olin; John Summerfield

surpassed him greatly in the mere art of persuasion. Bishop Bascombe excelled him in the thunderous oratory that reminds us of an ocean swell. Yet as a preacher, in the Pauline acceptation of the term, he was not a whit behind the chiefest of his contemporaries.

It would be difficult to say, definitely, wherein lay the secret of his immense pulpit power. It certainly was not due to the vastness of his literary resources, for these were circumscribed; nor could it be attributed to anything that savors of sensationalism, for no man despised more heartily the tricks of the pulpit mountebank, who is more intent on winning applause than on winning souls.

Somewhat of his rare excellence as a preacher may be justly ascribed to his imposing presence. His voice was a natural, not an acquired orotund, his articulation was uniformly distinct, and his modulation perfect. His manner of delivery was sometimes vehement, but never offensively boisterous. Add to all this what the French term, "Onction," and the old Methodists' "Liberty," and you have our idea of his elocution.

One grand element of his success was his apostolic saintliness of character. He believed and preached the doctrine of holiness, as handed down to us by Fletcher and the Wesleys.

With him, however, it was something more than a mere theory, he illustrated it in his daily life. I have yet to see the man who more studiously avoided every colloquial impropriety, whether slang or vulgarity, who was more prayerful in spirit, and more circumspect in all

his deportment. While at times he had an air of moroseness, there underlay this harsh exterior a sympathy as genial as the breath of spring-time, and as far-spreading as the blue sky above. His charity had no bounds. Never was there a more appreciative listener to the commonplaces of the pulpit or a more enraptured hearer of the platitudes of Commencement Orators and Essayists.

Next to his personal purity and thorough consecration to his ministerial work, was his mastery of the Holy Scriptures. No one more fully realized Mr. Wesley's conception of, "*Homo unius libri*." The Bible was the armory whence he drew the weapons, which, on many a hard-fought field, were mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. We would not intimate that he was altogether neglectful of polite literature. He was indeed familiar with the standard English authors, and was always abreast with the current phases of philosophy.

But, beyond all else, he studied the Bible—not detached portions, as the manner of some is, but every part and parcel of it. He knew the Pentateuch as well as the four Gospels. He was as fully conversant with the weird visions of Ezekiel, and the mystic imagery of the Apocalypse, as with the simpler Messianic prophecies of Isaiah.

He had well nigh committed to memory the Psalms of David, yet he was hardly less familiar with the Proverbs of Solomon. If any portion of the Divine Revelation was more highly esteemed and carefully studied than any other, it was the Epistles of St. Paul. His understanding of the Pauline system was critically exact

and his Exegesis of the Epistles to the Romans and Hebrews was more than masterly, it savored of the supernatural. With such resources as these, it was no matter of marvel that he was a master of assemblies.

Only secondary to these two elements was his wonderful gift as an extemporaneous speaker. He had, as was well understood, an invincible aversion to written sermons. Now and then he has been known to inveigh against them with an earnestness that left no room for doubt as to the strength of his convictions. Let it not be supposed, however, that he at all countenanced the notion of extemporaneous thinking. On the contrary, he was diligent in preparation for his pulpit work.

I have personal knowledge on this point, on more than one occasion. Still he had so trained himself to extemporaneous speaking that his spoken style was far better than his written style. The former was terse, at times epigrammatic, always sparkling; the latter was labored, involved, and, frequently turgid. It is to be deplored that he did not cultivate writing until advanced life. Richard Baxter, a laborious pastor, and a life long invalid, left material for forty folio volumes; Dr. Pierce scarcely left sufficient material for a single duodecimo.

During his earlier ministry his toil and travel were immense. Like St. Paul, he was in perils both in the city and the wilderness. His districts embraced a larger geographical area than the Apostle traversed in his first missionary tours. These abundant labors left him but little opportunity for strictly literary work, and furnish ample apology for his appar-

ent short comings. Besides, he fell on evil days; when Methodism was every where spoken against; when the spirit of a confessor and the courage of a martyr was needed to confront the enemies of Methodism. Luckily for himself and the Church, he was cast in the same heroic mould as Francis Asbury and William McKendree. He faltered not for a single moment in the face of opposition, but steered right onward to the goal. The usual order of Divine Providence is, "That one soweth and another reapeth," but he survived this era of depression, and lived to see Methodism the dominant religious Organization of this Continent and the leading religious denomination of the Protestant world. It was, indeed, gratifying to witness the distinguished consideration with which he was treated in his old age, in all the Annual and General Conferences of the Church. This was no constrained tribute to rank, or wealth, or power; but the spontaneous recognition of intellectual and moral worth of the highest order.

Dr. Pierce did not lag superfluous, on the stage. He wrote or preached almost to his dying day. It is true that the last weeks of his life were marked by great nervous prostration. At times he seemed bowed down with sorrow, but the reaction was always speedy. It was in one of his jubilant moods he sent that message to the Churches, "Say to the brethren I am lying just outside the Gates of Heaven." An utterance worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Paul's exclamation, in the depths of the Mamertine prison, "I am now ready to be offered." Not less inspiring than the last

words of Wesley, "the best of all is, God is with us."

Not a great while before his departure it was my privilege to visit and talk with him in his death-chamber. In response to my enquiry about his health, he said: "I am lying here a wreck upon the coast of time, trying to look into the Eternal Future." It is somewhat singular that the great Webster used almost this identical language to a friend during his last illness. That friend replied: "Say not Mr. Webster a wreck, but a pyramid on the coast of time." My reply was different, I said: "Doctor for many years you have been getting ready for this hour." After a little conversation his eye brightened, and he said: "I have some well-matured views on the subject of faith, which I desire to submit to you." I said: "I have but a little while to remain, as I must leave on the next train." He glanced at the clock and said: "I see you haven't sufficient time to hear me." He, however, gave me an outline of his views, and I urged him to have them written and published for the edification of the church. Thereupon he gave me his blessing, and I withdrew. He lived some weeks after this interview. There is a beautiful fitness, or rather I ought to say a wise Providence, in the death-scenes of great and good men. Elijah, the wild-eyed Tishbite, who rebuked kings and smote false prophets and idolatrous priests, with the edge of the sword, must needs have a chariot of flame and steeds of fire to bear him aloft to the Paradise of God. It was a fitting close to a most stormy career. But for Lovick Pierce there was appointed a

more quiet hour. Calmly, as to a night's repose, he lay down to his final rest. He nestled his weary head on the bosom of Jesus, and with hardly a pang or a struggle, his ransomed spirit went "sweeping through the gates," to his exceeding great reward.

What think ye of the Cardinal and the Preacher? How apposite the language of David; "I have seen the wicked, in great power, spreading himself like a green bay-tree, yet he passed away, and lo! he was not; yea, I sought for him and he could not be found. Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.

We have no disposition to revive the controversy respecting the comparative merits of the Ancients and Moderns. That controversy was, throughout its various phases, an unprofitable logomachy, and found its fitting consummation in Dean Swift's "Battle of the Books." We are quite sure, however, that there still exists a popular misapprehension on this point, and this Essay is prompted by a sincere desire to correct this tendency to depreciate the world's "gray fathers," who laid the foundations of Science and Philosophy, and whose kingly spirits still "rule us from their urns."

It would be difficult to estimate too highly the superb discoveries of modern science, or the wonderful achievements of modern art.

But let us not hastily conclude that antiquity can boast of no triumphs of genius, equally grand and imposing. The discovery of Neptune by La Verrier, or the invention of the Telescope by Galileo, is not more wonderful than the Astronomical discoveries of Thales, the Milesian, or the burning lenses of Archimedes, by which he fired the Carthaginian galleys, in the harbor of Syracuse. If we turn to mechanical philosophy, we shall find that the Thames Tunnel or the Brooklyn Bridge are not greater marvels of skill and industry than the Stonehenge of Salisbury plain, or those immense Aqueducts, whose

broken arches are still scattered over the wide waste of the *campagna di Roma*. The dome of St. Peters, that noblest conception of Michael Angelo, is utterly eclipsed by the Parthenon, crowning the brow of the Acropolis, and the venerable Cathedral, of York or Milan, is not equal to the magnificent temples, whose ruins strew the banks of the Nile at Carnac and Luxor.

In order, however, that we may have a proper appreciation of the wisdom of the ancients, it will be necessary to examine their attainments in the three departments of —1st, the Fine Arts; 2d, General Literature; 3d, Philosophy. We shall be disappointed if a candid examination of these several heads does not increase our admiration for classical antiquity. By the Fine Arts we intend, ta present, Music Painting and Sculpture. We purposely exclude Architecture from the discussion, as the relative inferiority of the moderns is admitted on all sides. With the doubtful exception of the Gothic arch, there is nothing excellent in the style of our architecture that is not borrowed from antiquity.

It is otherwise in regard to Music. Here it must be confessed that the moderns have made great advancement. The musical instruments of the Greeks and Romans, and of the earlier Egyptains and Hebrews, were exceedingly rude in their construction. The fabulous story of Orpheus, who tamed savage beasts and drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek, or the scriptural narration of the effects of David's harp on the evil spirit of Saul, cannot blind us to the fact that the ancients had not even a system of musical notation. They could not

boast of a single production like the Requiem of Mozart; and it is certain that Asaph and his brethren, when chanting the lofty strains of Hebrew Psalmody, could not be compared to an oratorio of Handel as rendered at Exeter Hall, or even at the Boston Academy of Music. In the sister arts of painting and sculpture, the Greeks were superior to any modern nation. The specimens of their art, however, which have escaped the Vandalism of successive conquerors, as well as the corroding tooth of time, are few in number, and, it is probable, not the best of their class. The colossal statues of Jupiter, at Olympia, and of Minerva, at Athens, are only known by the descriptions of contemporary writers, but it is a fair conclusion that these master-pieces of Phidias as much surpassed the Apollo Belvidere, as this latter statue surpasses the finest productions of Canova or Thorwaldsen. With regard to painting, we should hesitate to claim as much in behalf of antiquity. Unless we knew more of the merits of Zeuxis and Apelles, we would not be warranted in asserting that the masters of the Italian and Spanish schools of painting were, in any wise, behind their Greek predecessors. Upon the whole, we conclude that either because of more delicate sensibilities among the Greeks, or the greater beauty of their skies, or the richer garniture of their landscapes—or else from some occult cause, yet to be ascertained—they have greatly excelled all other races in the perception and expression of beauty. What courage was to the Roman, and utility is to the Englishman—that was Beauty to the fellow-countrymen of Plato and Pericles.

In general literature, we shall speak only of Poetry and Oratory.

It has been so long fashionable to consider Homer the Prince of Bards, that it may seem presumptuous in us to challenge the correctness of this opinion. And yet we shall venture to express our preference for John Milton. We have always admired the tale of Troy divine, but in a less degree than the tale of "Man's first disobedience," as recited in the pages of *Paradise Lost*. The ground-work of the former poem—the wrath of Achilles—is, indeed, in true dignity, immeasurably below those grand events which are recorded in the latter. In naked sublimity, the author of the *Iliad* is unsurpassed; but, in varied excellence, he must yield to that blind old Patriot, who fell on evil days and evil tongues.

As we claim for Milton the foremost place amongst epic poets, so we maintain that Shakespeare is the master-spirit of dramatic literature. We appreciate fully the great excellence of the three illustrious writers of Greek tragedy. Sophocles, Eschylus and Euripides have single passages that compare favorably with the best lines of Shakespeare; but restricted, as they were, by the inexorable unities of Aristotle, they have not equaled, in any drama, the *Macbeth* of the English poet, or the *Faust* of his German rival.

It is possible that very many of our readers will not concur in the views last expressed, but we submit them as the deliberate and matured convictions of our own mind. In regard to Oratory, there is less room for

doubt or disputation. From our boyhood we have been educated to regard the best orations of Demosthenes and Cicero as models of Senatorial and Forensic eloquence. There have not been wanting splendid specimens of oratory in the British Parliament, the American Congress and the French Chamber of Deputies; but not one of our great modern orators—including Burke, Clay, Webster and Mirabeau—has ever equaled the Athenian orator when

He fulminated over Greece

To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne,

and so electrified his audience that, with one voice, they exclaimed, "Let us march against Philip." Nor has one of them ever equaled the accomplished Cicero, when he literally drove the low-browed conspirator from the Senate Chamber by the force of his invective; or as when, on another occasion, he scourged with unsparing severity the guilty Proconsul of Sicily.

There is one species of modern eloquence, however, to which there was nothing analogous in classical antiquity. We refer, of course, to the eloquence of the Pulpit. Here are themes transcending the loftiest topics of the Forum and Senate Chamber, and in all ages of the Christian era, they have been worthily expounded and illustrated. In the primitive ages they were grandly enforced by Cyprian of Carthage, Ambrose of Milan, and the golden-mouthed orator of Byzantium. At a later period they were embellished by the genius of Abelard and enriched by the learning of Arminius and Melancthon. These sublime and yet simple truths are adapted to all classes of men.

Falling from the lips of Bossuet and Massillon, they bewitched the dissolute courtiers of Louis the Great, and when proclaimed by Whitfield, or Wesley, or Edwards, they have stirred the popular heart like the blast of a trumpet. In this department modern oratory has won its most brilliant triumphs, and here it is destined to achieve yet greater results.

We now approach our concluding topic, and the one which deserves the largest share of attention.

The philosophy of the ancients differs from that of the moderns, rather in matters of detail than in its fundamental principles. Plato and Aristotle may be truthfully said to have attained the *ultima thule* of philosophical inquiry, if not the uttermost limits of speculative thought. After the lapse of two thousand years they are still acknowledged law-givers in metaphysics. Every school of modern philosophy derives its tenets either from the Stagarite or the Academician. Every theory, from the pure idealism of Berkley to the gross materialism of Condillac, has a similar origin. The common-sense philosophy of Reid and Stewart, no less than the transcendentalism of Hegel and Fichte, is of ancient date, as Sir Wm. Hamilton has demonstrated.

Bacon, it is said, subverted the philosophy of the schoolmen, but who is ignorant of the fact that the spirit of Aristotle still survives in every University in Europe. Locke and his disciples rebelled likewise against the authority of Plato, but the reaction was speedy and overwhelming, and has even passed the limits of sober speculation in the pages of Kant and the wilder vagaries

of Schelling. It is, indeed, one of the most curious facts in the history of mankind, that, while in practical knowledge they have made great strides in the pathway of progress, they have not, for two thousand years, advanced a hand's breadth in metaphysical research. Ever and anon we have the announcement of a new philosophical theory heralded by a flourish of trumpets, but when probed to the bottom, it is discovered to be flatly absurd, or else a fragment of the old world's wisdom. The two highest developments of philosophical thought in modern times are contained in Sir William Hamilton's philosophy of the Unconditioned and M. Cousin's Eclecticism. And yet it is safe to affirm that there is hardly a syllable of either that was not taught on the banks of the Illisus and in the classic groves of Academus.

Let it not be inferred, that we think meanly of modern philosophy. On the contrary, we believe that it has a special task to accomplish of vast importance to the race. It has a work of reconciliation between the jarring systems and warring sects of philosophy, which is distinctly foreshadowed in the professorial lectures of Victor Cousin.

It may appear altogether impracticable to harmonize systems so utterly dissimilar, if not fiercely antagonistic as those represented respectively by John Locke and Immanuel Kant.

But let us not despair of some permanent adjustment of this "Conflict of Ages." Each system contains a vital truth. And it is fair to conclude that if a more

searching analysis is resorted to that the seeming diversity will disappear in the light of a higher unity. Such a discovery would do more for metaphysical science than the mariner's compass for the art of navigation—or the printing press for popular enlightenment.

When modern philosophy, however, has achieved this task, it has yet another of more vital concernment to humanity. It needs also to be baptized with the spirit of Pentecost.

It must recognize Christianity as an important factor in the problem of man's present development and final destiny. Disdaining alike the specious sophisms of Hume, and the vulgar sneers of Voltaire, it must learn of him who was "meek and lowly of heart." The divorcement of Reason and Revelation is unnatural—yea, monstrous—and in all ages the consequence has been a "vain philosophy," offensive to God and unprofitable to men. When along with the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, we combine the theology of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and bring their joint influence to bear on our philosophy, then may we expect more glorious developments than mortal eyes have ever witnessed.

It is not extravagant to assert that such a sanctified philosophy would give an impulse to the mind of man that would be felt in every department of learning as well as every branch of enterprise.

That strange yet beautiful incident related in the Gospel, of the visit of the Magi to the manger of Bethlehem, bearing their tribute of gold, frankincense and

myrrh, but serves to symbolize the proper subordination of all earthly philosophy, to Him who is the incarnated wisdom as well as embodied power of God. It is likewise prophetic of that auspicious era when the guiding star of philosophy shall conduct the votaries of truth, not to the humble birth-place of the Messiah, but to the mount of his crucifixion.

When that era has arrived, then will the religion of Jesus be the inspiration of modern art, and literature, and philosophy. And then, too, may we justly claim to have transcended in these several departments of intellectual achievement—the Wisdom of the Ancients.

OUR AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

Guizot, equally renowned as a literateur and statesman, has enriched the literature of the world with an admirable history of civilization. Buckle, the English scholar, projected a still grander enterprise, which was to embrace all forms of civilization, whether occidental or oriental, ancient or modern. He only lived to complete the introduction, leaving the main task to some unknown successor. Neither of these eminent writers bestowed much thought or labor on that unique style of civilization which may be characterized as American.

De Tocqueville alone, of domestic or foreign writers, has attempted anything like a philosophical dissertation on its vices and its virtues, its defects and its excellencies.

We shall not undertake, in the brief limits assigned to this article, to do more than suggest a line of inquiry and reflection that may be pursued with advantage by some one of greater leisure and better qualifications than we can boast.

The unprecedented development of the material resources of this mighty continent, the rapid extension of our commerce, the vast strides of our manufacturing industry, and, perhaps, more than all else, the continued expansion of our national territory have greatly modified, if they have not completely moulded, American

civilization into forms which have no analogue in any other quarter of the globe. Indeed, our civilization, like our language and population, is essentially a composite civilization. There is doubtless a substratum of Anglo-Saxonism underlying the whole superstructure of our governmental and social polity. But there has been engrafted on this primitive stock a variety of forms and usages, and institutions even that are utterly alien to the soil and climate of England. So that while there are numerous points of contact and resemblance between British and American civilization, yet the two are, in very many respects, strikingly dissimilar. A broader contrast cannot well be imagined than exists between an English Parliament and an American Congress, or an English parish church and an American meeting-house, or a London cockney and a Broadway swell, or a burly Yorkshire farmer and a rollicking Kentucky stock-raiser.

The characteristic feature of American civilization is the love of adventure, the passion for excitement, the delight in that which is sensational and demonstrative. From this has proceeded three of the principal vices of American society—the inordinate thirst for money—the blind adoration of fashion, and the too eager pursuit of pleasurable excitement. The Israelites of the olden time worshipped a golden calf under the very shadow of Mt. Sinai, the Ancient Egyptians paid divine honors to Anubis, the watch-dog of the tomb; but Americans worship the eagle, the so-called bird of freedom, not merely as it is emblazoned on the national ensigns, but

as it is stamped on the national coins. This love of money stimulates the alarming mania for speculation in stocks, in real estate, and in almost all articles of merchandise. This, in its turn, produces those rapid changes in the fortunes of individuals, which are seldom witnessed in Europe. In those older countries fortunes are rarely realized or lost in a year; but here there is but a step from poverty to affluence. The family which yesterday lodged on the third floor of a tenement, to-day is installed in a brown-stone residence on Fifth Avenue.

French writers speak frequently of Parvenues, but Shoddyism is peculiar to our American vocabulary, and the Shoddyite is, as much as the bison, a peculiarity of our American Fauna. It is not difficult to perceive that these sudden upheavals of the lower strata of society must greatly affect its general tone, and greatly multiply the Muggins and Jenkins tribe in our highest circles. It is therefore to be feared that we may ultimately be cursed with that worst form of aristocracy—an aristocracy of wealth. Better for us to have a genuine nobility—like the English Howards and Russels—than a spurious nobility—like the Vanderbilts and Spragues and Astors, who have grown rich by gambling in stocks and other equally questionable modes of acquisition. The English nobility are the hereditary guardians of the national honor. They have illustrated British genius in the Senate House, and British valor on a hundred battle fields. They have been, moreover, the patrons of literature and art, and the steadfast friends

of religion and government. Nothing of this kind may be expected of a moneyed aristocracy, which, in many cases, has sprung from private fraud or official speculation, and which can lay claim to neither culture nor piety. Another vice of our civilization is a servile devotion to fashion in all its innumerable phases.

Within reasonable limits this disposition is deserving of praise, rather than censure; but when comfort and decency are both disregarded, the disposition merits the sternest rebuke from the pulpit and the press. The gentler sex may be more open to criticism, but neither sex is guiltless in the premises. It argues ill for the correct taste of our people, that they affect the glare and glitter of the French styles more than they do the sober and subdued styles of England and Germany. Hence, it sometimes happens that our city belles are unconscious copyists of the Parisian *demi monde*, and that the Plebian Grisette, and not the Imperial Eugenie, gives the cue to the costumes and head-gear of our fashionable maids and matrons. Whatever is endorsed by Demorest, or brought forth in the tawdry fashion plates of Godey, is straightway adopted. Nor is this love of fashion confined to high-born and titled dames and damsels, but milkmaids make it a matter of conscience to be flounced and furbelowed in the latest style, and servant girls are seen tripping to church or a ball in all the glory of the Grecian bend. We despair, however, of eradicating the evil, and therefore desist from the attempt.

While these oddities and absurdities are to be con-

demned for their silliness, there is another tendency of our civilization which should be reprobated, because of its inherent viciousness. We refer now to the too eager pursuit of pleasurable excitement. There are several manifestations of this spirit, chief amongst which are the passion for sensational literature, and for what is termed the spectacular drama. The former finds its principal gratification in the columns of the *Ledger*, or the pages of the novel of the Southworth school. More recently we have had a class of story writers who have assailed the very foundations of public morality. The nasty suggestiveness of "The Quick or the Dead," and the metaphysical twaddle of "Robert Elsmere" are more demoralizing to youthful readers than the older fiction of Paul De Kock and Madame Dudevant. If the taste is still more depraved, it feasts on the horrors and indecent revelations of the "*Day's Doings*" or of the *National Police Gazette*. The publisher who can get his consent to cater to this morbid literary appetite will have no lack of patronage, while publications of sterling merit languish and die. The only available remedy for this sore evil is to educate the public taste to a nicer appreciation of what is really excellent in literature, and at the same time to enlighten the moral sense to a clearer perception of the right and wrong in human conduct. The most startling development of this propensity is the insensate rage for that class of theatrical exhibitions of which the Black Crook and White Fawn are the fitting types and representatives. We cannot find language severe enough with which to stigmatize this shameless

outrage on public morals. The orgies of Bacchus, or the Saturnalia of the Romans, in the most dissolute period of the Empire, presented a scene less offensive to a cultivated taste and a refined moral sensibility than do these spectacles, in which painting and music are made tributary to the lower instincts of humanity. It is the imperative duty of a Christian community to suppress these exhibitions, as corrupting to the youth of both sexes, and sure to lead many of them to the commission of flagrant immoralities, if not to the perpetration of felony itself.

We might specify other features of our civilization which merit animadversion, but we refrain. And yet these vices and defects have many counterbalancing virtues and excellences. Few countries on the globe surpass our own in reverence for religion—in respect for woman, and in unfeigned loyalty to truth and equity. It only needs a combined effort on the part of the wise and good to eradicate a majority of the evils complained of. When this is accomplished, and when to this is added greater thoroughness of culture in all departments of learning, we may expect a nobler type of civilization on this continent than the old world can boast. For while it may be true that the line of human progression is not a gradually ascending right line, but is best denoted by a series of parabolic curves, still the future may show that American civilization has reached a higher plane than any which has preceded it. Thus the poetry of Berkley may prove a sure word of prophecy—

“Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

THE LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW.—Goethe in his Autobiography has furnished us with the correct version of this remarkable myth. It seems to have had a sort of traditional existence, both among Christians and Jews, from a period shortly after the crucifixion of our Saviour. It has been interwoven with both sacred and profane literature to an extent hardly appreciated, except by men of thorough scholarship. The Patristic writings contain frequent allusions to it, and according to present recollection, it forms the basis of some of the best modern fictions. It furnishes the key-note to Bulwer's Zanon, Croly's Salathiel, and Eugene Sue's *Juif Errant*.

The legend relates that there resided at Jerusalem a certain Ahasuerus, a shoemaker by trade, who was a personal favorite of Christ and his Apostles. They often turned aside to commune on earthly as well as on Heavenly things with his humble but intelligent craftsman. He seems to have had a great deal of mere human sympathy for our Saviour, but no just appreciation of his Messianic claims.

He is said, however, to have remonstrated against the wandering life of Jesus, and to have often urged him, in his matter-of-fact way, to abandon his profession of a mendicant philosopher and become a fellow-craftsman with himself. The legend further states that Ahasuerus admonished the Saviour that his course would, in spite of himself, make him the head of a party, and that in the end he would be victimized by the political and

religious rulers of Judea. As Christ, after his arrest and condemnation, went to the mount of crucifixion, he passed the shop of Ahasuerus at the gate of the city, who, seeing the multitude, came forth and reproached him most bitterly and vehemently for disregarding the counsels he had formerly given him. At this moment the lovely Veronica threw her mantle over the marred visage of the Redeemer as if to hide his face from grief and shame. When she lifted off the mantle Ahasuerus saw depicted upon it the countenance of the sufferer transfigured and radiant with unearthly beauty. At the same instant, Jesus, pausing on the way, said to him, "Ahasuerus, thou shalt be a wanderer in the earth until thou seest me coming in that form." The guilty man was overwhelmed by the announcement, and from that hour he has passed like night, from land to land, the type of everlasting unrest.

We have always thought that this legend originated from the saying of Christ to Peter with reference to the beloved disciple—"What if I will that he tarry till I come." John himself tells us that there was a current saying amongst the disciples that he should not see death before the second advent. This, we think, gives an ample historical basis for the Christian legend.

The idea embodied in this myth is not peculiar to any form of religious faith. We find its analogue in the stone of Sisyphus, the wheel of Ixion, and the sieve-drawing daughters of Danaus. It is the living illustration of the scriptural truth that there is "no rest for the wicked," no poppy or mandrigora that can soothe a

defiled conscience ; no Lethean draught that can steep the senses of the unrepentant sinner in forgetfulness. It is a grand, yet at the same time a terrible truth. Retribution treads evermore on the heels of guilt. It way-lays every devious path—dogs every retreating footstep, and haunts its victim with the pertinacity of an avenging Nemesis. The Christian doctrine of the atonement alone reveals a purchased redemption and a gracious deliverance for the weary wanderer after rest. Without it, man is a homeless exile from happiness and Heaven. The sworded Cherubim guard the way of the tree of life. And thus, like Ahasuerus, burdened with the malison of an insulted Redeemer, he wanders on and on and on until the feverish dream of life is ended. And then even the disembodied spirit starts upon the broad journeyings of eternity without a friendly guide, and destined never to reach the shining goal of infinite and endless blessedness. Let him that readeth pause and ponder.

CHRIST AND CÆSAR.

We are now-a-days grievously afflicted with a species of moral knight-errantry which it would be unjust to the hero of Cervantes to call Quixotism. Not every man who has a crotchet is qualified for either political or moral leadership.

There was a marked difference between Luther the monk and Joe Smith, the mercantile bankrupt, as religious reformers, nor is there less disparity between Adam Smith and Henry George as Political Economists. The different behavior of Judas Gaulonitis and Jesus of Nazareth touching the payment of the tribute money to Cæsar will, however, best illustrate our thought. Judas, in a mood of patriotic frenzy, raised a revolt on the tax question and lost his head both literally and metaphorically.

Jesus, when the tribute was demanded of him, sent Simon Peter to the seashore to fetch the Roman Stator from the fish's mouth, and thus satisfied the claim of the tax-gatherer. The sequel showed the wisdom of his discrimination between things sacred and secular. The Judas movement proved a military fiasco, not unlike the adventure of the younger Napoleon at Strasburg, or the ill-starred expedition of Lopez for the conquest of Cuba. The Jesus movement, on the contrary, was a tidal wave of gracious influence which has fertilized the moral

waste-places of the earth, and has steadily uplifted humanity through all the Christian Centuries.

On another occasion, when Peter in his impulsiveness drew his sword and smote off the ear of Malchus, Christ promptly rebuked the impetuous swordsman. If Peter's example had been followed by the other disciples, the infant Christianity might have exploded in a third-class riot. It is evident from these illustrations that the great Teacher did not affect such convulsive methods of moral reform or of political regeneration. In this logical connection, he uttered a saying weightier even than his personal example. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." He thereby proclaimed a perpetual divorce-ment between Church and State, and set the seal of his condemnation upon every phase of Erastianism or Ultramontaniam, whether in Council, Conference or General Assembly.

During the three years of His public ministry He spoke no word that in anywise countenanced the Theocratic concept of human government. While He was fully cognizant of the drunkenness, debauchery and similar evils that existed amongst all classes, He at no time propounded such reformatory plans and procedures as are petted and patronized by the current philanthropism of the present age. His righteous soul was neither insensible nor indifferent to these manifold evils, but he knew that such human methods were tentative and disappointing in their outcome. He was building for all time. His plans had a vaster scope and a pro-

founder significance. On many occasions He reproved the twelve for their misapprehension of the meaning of His Messiahship, and of the nature of His coming kingdom. In reply to the questionings of Pilate, He said: "My kingdom is not of this world." He affirmed, with emphasis, that it came "not with observation;" aye, more as if to define more clearly its spiritual nature, He added, "the kingdom of God is within you." He foresaw, however, the unseemly disputations and horrid wars that have since marred the history of the Church, and it was with reference to these that He likewise said, "I come not to send Peace on the earth, but a sword." Not that such scenes of strife and bloodshed were of divine appointment, but rather the product of man's perverseness. Very many of them the evil fruit of individual selfishness and worldliness, and yet more the offspring of priestly arrogance and ministerial obtrusiveness.

Hildebrand was no more a bigot than Laud, and in their lesser sphere the Mathers of New England were not a whit behind the English Prelate or the Roman Pontiff. It is a blunder to suppose that offensive sacerdotalism is confined to any class of the clergy, Catholic or Protestant. In all the churches there are clerical reformers who seem to forget that society has a self-regulative faculty and can on occasion safely dispense with their supervision. The Apostles adjudged it wise to give themselves "continually to the word of God and Prayer," while "the serving of tables" was committed to seven deacons of good report. Their successors

would do well to respect their example, and leave the work of statesmanship to those who are presumably better qualified for the task. In saying this we would not unfairly circumscribe the sphere of the Christian ministry. In the main, these men of God keep within the letter and spirit of the Great Commission. A very large majority, and these the more genuinely and thoroughly cultured, restrict their pulpit discussions to such themes as Paul discussed at Athens and Rome, on Mars Hill and in his own hired house. If others are toying with "oppositions of Science, falsely so called," their profiting does not appear to any, much less to "all." If a few even turn aside from the Gospel to what they esteem "live issues," their congregations suffer loss.

This latter class of divines are much given to foolish boasting over the achievements of "Nineteenth Century Civilization." Forgetting, if indeed they ever knew, that the present culture of England, Germany and France is not comparable to that of Athens, when the hucksters of the market place corrected the Greek pronunciation of the Roman Atticus.

A late writer has said that the foremost scientist of the present day compared with the Stagarite and the Athenian "is an intellectual barbarian." This statement needs but little qualification as respects the highest culture. It is true that in some branches of applied science there has been notable progress, but it may be gravely questioned if Michael Faraday had equal mastery of the philosophy of Physics with Friar Bacon, of Brazen

Nose notoriety. Nor is it quite certain that with all our technological training we are even abreast of the men who built the Pyramids and constructed the hanging gardens of Babylon.

Not a few of our modern discoveries are probably but the recovery of lost arts.

So, likewise, many of the ethical and social theories now paraded and propagated with a show of wisdom are but the revival of fallacies that have long since been tested and abandoned.

Some of these modern reformers roundly assert that the Church, by which is meant some sort of ecclesiasticism, must dominate everything. This dogma embodies the essence of ultramontaniam, and would satisfy the demands of the most ambitious Pontiff that ever occupied the chair of St. Peter at Rome. Practically it would subordinate everything and everybody to clerical domination, and we should have not a single Pope, but every clergyman in christendom would be a Pope within his own petty parish. If we accept this theocratic view of government it will require a hair-splitting process to differentiate the Protestantism of the nineteenth from the Romanism of the twelfth century.

This sentiment is manifestly of the same character with that which kindled the fires of Smithfield; produced the Thirty Years War; invented the racks and thumb-screws of the Inquisition, and, in the seventeenth century, led to the hanging of Quakers and Witches on American soil. It is the exponent of a medieval religionism which, if unrebuked and unchecked, will work

out its legitimate results in the early years of the twentieth century. The surest guarantee against the evils to which we have referred is the practical observance of Christ's teaching in regard to the separation of Church and State.

The Christian ministry will best insure its success by the strict avoidance of all intermeddling with such matters as properly belong to Cæsar's domain.

The attempt to influence legislative bodies in secular matters, whether it assume the shape of petition or remonstrance, is sure to be resented. For this reason alone, a majority of the late North Georgia Annual Conference wisely refused to memorialize the State Legislature in regard to the extension of the school term. The impression sought to be made that this majority were hostile to popular education was at least disingenuous on the part of those who for years have been either outspoken enemies or else unconscious obstructionists of the public school system. Nor does it argue well for their statesmanship that they utterly failed to understand that the original resolution, if not partisan, was at least thoroughly political. The merest tyro in State-craft is presumed to know that the taxing power is the highest function of Civil Government. The resolution, as first reported by the committee on education, involved this taxing power to the extent of millions of dollars.

The "sympathy resolution," which was accepted as a substitute, was at most a piece of surplusage that neither helped nor hindered legislative action. Some increase

of the appropriation to the public schools was assured before the assemblage of the legislature. The late school commissioner, Dr. Orr, had paved the way for this forward movement by a personal and persistent canvass of the State, running through a series of years. Indeed, it may be fairly said that he would have achieved success at an earlier period if he had not been embarrassed by the carping criticism of some who have latterly posed as educationists. Dr. Orr was wise enough to appreciate the difficulties growing out of the impoverishment of the South, partly by Federal spoliation and hardly less by the disastrous rule of know-nothings, knaves and negroes. He never at any time, however, wholly despaired of ultimate success. Whether this legislative provision, or even a much larger appropriation, will materially benefit the improvident black proletariat in our midst, is more than questionable. The efforts in this direction of the English Government during the last half-century, both in the West Indies and South Africa, have proved humiliating failures. This is the testimony of that most judicious observer, James Anthony Froude, who cannot be suspected of any leaning in favor of Domestic Slavery.

The experiment in Hayti has been not less favorable to the advocates of Negro education. In many parts of Hayti and Jamaica, after a wasteful expenditure of money and missionary labor, the results are quite unsatisfactory. There is among the Negroes an alarming drift towards Voodooism and to gross licentiousness in morals. The presence in the Southern States of a large

white population will of necessity modify these results. But so far elementary education has not sensibly prevented the growth of crime among the freedmen.

Nor has the effect of the higher Negro education in the Southern States done little more than to make them self-assertive and aggressive. There are, of course, individual exceptions, but the main body who have mastered "a little Latin and less Greek" have become ward politicians and place-hunters. As a "bread-winner" the the educated Negro is far below the plane of the old plantation darkies.

For ourself, we are willing to leave this whole matter to the Berners, Clays, Glenns, and others who are better fitted by training for the work of legislation. The fact that there is a moral side to the educational question, is of no weight in the controversy. Every political issue, from Tariff Reform to the schedule of a narrow guage railway, may impinge somewhere on a moral question. So that it will be readily seen that this kind of logic will open a wide door to a pragmatism which will secularize the pulpit and in no small degree destroy its proper influence with the laity.

Nor will this wise abstinence of the clergy from the discussion of questions that properly belong to another forum affect in anywise their rights of citizenship. It will neither curtail their freedom of speech at right times and places, nor impair their franchise to vote according to their convictions. We are quite sure that no responsible layman has any desire to invade their jurisdiction as originally defined by the divine founder

of the Church. On the other hand, enlightened public opinion will condemn such intermeddling with State matters as was recently attempted by a bevy of Northern Methodist preachers with reference to the late inauguration ceremonies in Washington. There is but another step and we reach that stage of Puritanism when attendance on church services was made compulsory, and Blindman's Buff was fiercely denounced as a perilous fire-side amusement.

This introduces the further statement that very much of this ministerial aggressiveness has its origin and inspiration from the Methodist pulpits of New England, which largely represent the lower stratum of society in that region.

It will be remembered that when the redoubtable Don Quixote mounted his world famed Rosinante and went forth in quest of adventures that the worshipful Sancho Panza astride of Dapple was seen ambling along at his heels.

Something of a like kind is often witnessed in the South at the present day. The Methodist Preachers' meeting of New York or Boston starts a moral crusade in behalf of Woman Suffrage, or Moral Purity, or it may be a constitutional amendment for enforcing Sunday observance. Again, some prominent Northern Clergyman will howl in the most approved fashion about the perils of illiteracy, or the growth of Romanism. This Peripatetic philanthropism sets out on a continental tour, embracing the lately "rebellious States." Straightway a class of Southern disciples, who think by

proxy begin to echo the refrain through the press, and even from the pulpit.

Soon societies and associations are organized—tracts distributed and a lot of otherwise unsalable books are hawked through the country to the emolument of New England authors and publishers. In this way many fairly intelligent people are ready to conclude that we are continually on the verge of a crisis that will shake the continent from Alaska to the Florida Keys.

Our science of government is just now in the condition of Geology when the Huttonian and Wernerian factions were striving for the mastery. We greatly need some broad-minded Statesman who will do for the former science what Sir Charles Lyell did for the latter. Men like Dr. Josiah Strong, author of "Our Country" are not less moral cranks than is Rev. Ira Hicks, a meteorological dunder-head with his Jovian Periods, and other trumpery of a defunct Astrology.

One of the sorest evils of the times is over much legislation. Abbe Sieyes, the constitution builder of Revolutionary France was a renegade Romish Priest. He is, however none the less a fitting type of many of our Modern ministerial reformers, who seek to regenerate the world, neither by blood nor water, but by legislative tinkering. Sieyes is said to have kept his portmanteau full of ready-made National Constitutions—so his successors of this day carry about a full stock of schemes for remodelling society and bringing in a political millenium. Hitherto their prophecies have been Delphic oracles "that palter with us in a double sense."

Not argument nor ridicule but time alone will cure the evil under discussion. We write these things solely for the honor of Christ and the welfare of the church.

It is no disparagement of the acknowledged piety and learning of the clergy to say that few of their number are likely to contribute anything really valuable to the solution of the various social and political problems of the times.

A wiser method therefore is to obey Paul's exhortation to Timothy—**PREACH THE WORD**. That was the secret of the earliest triumphs of Christianity, and will be the secret of its latter-day glory. Indeed, if the Gospel to which the clergy have solemnly consecrated their lives is not shorn of its old-time power, then it has in itself a redemptive force far exceeding that of any sort of semi-political propagandism.

The history of the Church abounds with warnings against "entangling alliances" with the affairs of the Commonwealth. Such alliances, like the forbidden fellowship of Christ and Belial, are never helpful to true moral reform and always hurtful to the spirituality of the Church.

Let our ministers therefore give earnest heed to the Master's teaching, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Should they prefer the same practical lesson in a different form, we remind them of the classical adage, "Let the cobbler stick to his last."

UNSUCCESSFUL REVOLUTIONS.

Dr. McCosh, in his learned treatise on *Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation*, remarks that there are many germs, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, that never develop into perfect forms. As an illustration of this law of the organic world he refers to the roe of a codfish and the boughs of an English apple-tree.

The same great law applies to the religious and political movements which have marked the history of mankind. For one religious reformer who, like Luther or Loyola, has stamped the institutions of an age or a continent with the impress of his own genius, there are a score who have labored in vain and at last have died and "made no sign." So, likewise, with those political reformers who have headed revolutionary movements. The track of the centuries is strewn with the wrecks of these gigantic enterprises. William of Orange and our own immortal Washington were successful, and posterity has canonized their memories; but Sidney perished on the scaffold, Kossuth was driven into exile, and Davis was thrust into the inner prison; and while now spending his last years at Beauvoir, he is still under the "ban of the empire."

It can not have escaped the attentive student of history that, in political revolutions, failure is the rule and

success is the exception. This fact may, in part, be accounted for on the ground that all experience shows that men will suffer great evils rather than "abolish the forms to which they are accustomed." The masses, everywhere, are slow to relinquish ancient usages; and in some instances this obstinate conservatism has defeated the most salutary reforms. It required centuries of misrule, characterized by every species of feudal oppression, to arouse the Parisian populace to vengeance: it needed also the Star Chamber, the levy of ship-money, and the arbitrary arrests of Charles Stuart, to awaken the storm that swept away for a season every vestige of the English monarchy. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that revolutions are frequently unpopular, and, as a consequence, unsuccessful. We propose to consider a few prominent examples of this class.

The Hungarian revolution of 1848 was one which riveted the gaze of Europe and America. Hungary had always been distinguished for its steadfast loyalty to the House of Hapsburg. Nowhere is there recorded a more touching scene than that of Maria Theresa and her infant heir before the Hungarian Diet. Pressed as she was by a foul conspiracy of crowned heads, she appealed to the nobles and deputies of Hungary for succor and support. In response to her trustful appeal, those stern-browed representatives of a gallant people grasped their sword hilts and simultaneously exclaimed, "We will die for Maria Theresa—our king!"

We may be sure that only a long series of cruel exactions could utterly stifle this sentiment of loyalty.

Hungary was misgoverned—her chartered rights were invaded—her ancient privileges were disregarded—until the name of a Hapsburg became the synonym of treachery, and the Austrian Government itself a stench in the nostrils of the Magyar.

Inspired by the eloquence of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarians flew to arms; and nobly did they battle for the constitutional liberties of Fatherland. But the disaffection of Croatia, and the treason of Gorgey completed the overthrow of Kossuth and his compatriots. Haynau glutted his appetite for murder, and the waters of the Drave and the Danube were dyed with the blood of heroes.

Ireland, too, has made more than one unsuccessful attempt at revolution. From the day when Cromwell slaughtered her innocents, she has been impatient of Saxon domination. In 1798, she planned a general uprising which might have succeeded but for treachery in the camp and the unaccountable failure of the French to second her efforts. The enterprise was crushed in its inception; and Norbury repeated on Irish soil the bloody assizes of Jeffries.

And yet Ireland is unsubdued. She still seizes every opportunity to shake the yoke from her neck; and who can tell but that, through native courage or foreign diplomacy, Irish nationality will yet triumph, as Italian nationality has triumphed after its slumber of a thousand years?

Poland is another of the downtrodden nations. How has she fallen from her high estate since kings competed

for her crown, and John Sobieski, her chivalric monarch, led the van of Christendom in its conflict with the infidel Turk! Dismembered and despoiled by kingly intrigue, she has at different periods struggled to burst the bonds of her thralldom. But Kosciusko bled in vain: order still reigns in Warsaw; and her nobles and sons languish in exile, or perish by piecemeal in the mines of Siberia. Poland is blotted out from the map of Europe. But it may happen in the movements of the political chess-board that the reconstruction of the kingdom of Poland may be necessary to checkmate the Czar. As in a former century Poland preserved Western Europe from the yoke of Islamism, so in another century it may serve as a huge break-water against the inroads of Russian absolutism.

Another example of unsuccessful revolution was the struggle of the Confederate States for a separate nationality. The events of that struggle are too fresh in our memories to require recital. The lack of earnest co-operation on the part of the border States, and the presence of a distinct and disaffected race in our midst, were the chief causes of failure. Never was a cause more heroically maintained against overwhelming odds; and, although vanquished in the end, the South need not be ashamed of her military achievements. The fame of Jackson and Lee, and Johnston, will live in story and in song as long as the Father of Waters rolls his tribute waves to the Gulf.

Being defeated, the South quietly submitted to the authority of the Federal Government. Her swords

were beaten into plowshares, and her spears into pruning-hooks. Her Lee, who once marshaled her mightiest army devoted his remaining years to the task of collegiate instruction; her Forrest, so dauntless in the combat, embarked in the sugar and cotton trade; her Gordon, covered over with honorable scars, has ably served in the councils of the nation and is now the honored Chief Magistrate of his native State. Others of her favorite leaders are at the bar or on the bench, while the rank and file of her disbanded armies are laboring to repair the injuries which ruthless war has inflicted on their section. Amongst these noble men there is no silly bravado—no unmanly whimpering. Faithful to their oaths, they are honest in their support of the constitution and laws. Earnest as they were in their efforts for Southern independence, they are now equally so in their purpose to uphold the Union. A proscriptive policy on the part of the National Government may in some degree alienate them from that Government, but it will not drive them into revolution. On the other hand, a liberal policy will bind them to the Government with "hooks of steel." They will rally to its defense whenever its honor is impeached, or its safety imperiled. In this way the Federal Union will be stronger in the hearts of the Southern people than at any former period. The mutual wrongs and sufferings of both sections shall be remembered with regret. The fame for valor and endurance which each has worthily won, will be the common property of all. National unity shall no longer be a myth, but a reality; and from the Aroostook to the

Rio del Norte, every foot "shall keep step to the music of the Union."

Heaven forbid that through the perverseness or the more desperate wickedness of selfish politicians all this should be reversed; that, instead of this spectacle of fraternity and prosperity, we should have strife and discord, until the ship of State itself shall founder amidst the darkness and tempest of another more sanguinary and more successful revolution.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

A MONOGRAPH.

It is no small proof of the divine origin of Christianity that it is so exactly adapted to every condition of life and to every honorable business pursuit in which men can engage. While, therefore, it has won its noblest victories amongst the common people, it has not failed to exert a marked influence on the more cultivated minds of Christendom. And while, too, it is essentially a religion of peace, yet some of its most illustrious examples have been amongst men of arms, whose lives have been spent amidst the dissipations of the camp and the excitements of the battlefield.

Foremost amongst these Christian warriors, was Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, of the late Confederate Army. With more tenderness than Cromwell—more genius than Havelock—more prudence and circumspection than Gustavus Adolphus—he combined in his own person the better intellectual and moral qualities of all of them, and died as he lived, without an imputation on his Christian integrity, and without a stain on his soldierly honor.

The first military service of Jackson was at the siege of Vera Cruz, as second lieutenant of artillery. He is represented to have handled his battery with marked

skill and efficiency. In the subsequent brief but glorious campaign, he fought with signal gallantry and during its progress, was breveted Major for his "meritorious conduct."

Soon after the restoration of peace, his health having partially failed, he resigned his commission in the army. At a later period he was elected to the chair of Chemistry and Natural Science in the Virginia Military Institute. He occupied this position at the commencement of our revolutionary struggle and was one of the earliest to tender his sword to Virginia, when that State had resolved to share the fortunes of the South in the coming contest. Here the career of Stonewall Jackson properly begins. Instead, however, of attempting a recital of his military achievements, we propose rather a brief study of his character as a warrior, a Christian, and a man. Under each of these three aspects we shall find much that claims our admiration and deserves our imitation.

As a warrior, Stonewall Jackson was not unlike Frederick of Prussia. Indeed, his tactics throughout his famous Valley campaigns remind us of some of the masterly strategic movements of Frederick during his seven years' struggle with the most formidable coalition of modern times.

Jackson mobilized his forces more thoroughly than any captain since the days of Hannibal. He depended less on quartermasters and commissaries than any other commander, Federal or Confederate. He encumbered himself with no interminable wagon trains, but much

of the time subsisted on supplies captured from the enemy. So notorious was this fact that General Banks won the unenviable *sobriquet* of "Stonewall Jackson's Commissary."

This was partly the secret of those rapid marches, almost magical in their execution, and literally marvelous in their results. By dint of his indomitable energy, he time and again forestalled his adversary, secured the vantage ground, and thus insured the victory. It not infrequently occurred that when his opponent was expecting him in front, he came thundering like an avalanche on his unguarded flank or rear.

It would be interesting to know how much Sherman was indebted for the idea of his brilliant flank movements to what he had read or heard of Jackson's operations in Virginia. We regard it as morally certain that he was a copyist, successful, it is true, but not equal to the great original. Jackson was not less distinguished for his stubborn fighting qualities than for his strategy. He exhibited these at Falling Water, when, in the first months of the struggle, he kept Patterson's entire army at bay with a single regiment. It was his steady, persistent fighting, against the heaviest odds, that secured for him the title of Stonewall on the battlefield of Manassas. It has been alleged that Jackson was the only man in the army, who, if he had been living, would have carried and held Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. It was in these desperate struggles for important positions that his intrepidity was most conspicuous; and, whether true or false, the South will always believe that if her

favorite hero had not previously fallen in her defense, Lee would have triumphed at Gettysburg, and, as a consequence, planted his standard on the dome of the Federal Capitol.

Jackson was never satisfied with a doubtful victory. He struggled harder to complete than to commence it. When the tide of battle turned in his favor, he redoubled his efforts, pressed his antagonist more vigorously, and, as we have elsewhere said, generally managed to convert a defeat into a disastrous rout.

It only needs to be remarked that he never suffered a serious reverse, much less a downright defeat. His presence was a sure presage of victory, and both at Manassas and at Sharpsburg he changed the fortunes of the fight by his single arm. When his military record is fully understood, he will rank in the world's estimation with the foremost chieftains in the annals of warfare.

But Jackson was more than a soldier; he was a Christian of the noblest stamp. In his theology he is said to have been as thorough a Calvinist as the sturdiest supporter of the solemn League and Covenant. It has even been insinuated that he was a Fatalist in his creed. We are satisfied that he could never have embraced a dogma so flatly absurd. There is no doubt, however, that he was a firm believer in a special Providence that subordinates all second causes to its own ends and directs all events to the accomplishment of its own beneficent purposes.

This faith may have inspired him with a more unwaver-

ing trust under the pressure of calamities, and with a sublimer courage in the midst of perils. Certain it is that a similar conviction animated the Ironsides of Cromwell when they fought at Worcester and Marston Moor, and stimulated the Huguenots when they followed the snow-white plume of Navarre in the memorable battle of Ivry. A perversion of this sentiment gave to Islamism its most brilliant victories, and made the sword of Khaled almost as mighty as the sword of Gideon. We may differ from these speculative tenets of Jackson, but we must admire the devotional character of his religion. Suwarrow is said to have spent the early hours of the morning in prayer, and Lord Nelson wrote in his diary the beautiful prayer which he offered just before the victory of Trafalgar.

If we may credit the testimony of his most intimate friends, Stonewall Jackson was likewise a man of prayer. On the eve of every great battle he was accustomed to retire to his tent, or to some green and sheltered nook of the forest, and there commend his country and its cause to God. At such times he wrestled as Jacob did at Peniel, or as John Knox afterwards did when, in an agony of supplication, he exclaimed, "Oh! Lord God, give me Scotland, or I die." The skeptic may scoff at these strong cries and earnest prayers of this great and good man, but the enlightened patriot will esteem them of greater worth than a host of armed men.

It remains for us to speak of him as a man. "No man," says a hackneyed proverb, "is a hero to his *valet de chambre*." Jackson was an exception to this general

truth Those with whom he was in most frequent and familiar converse were most impressed by his greatness. Ordinarily, however, he was simple even to plainness in his dress, and when rigged out in his faded uniform and black slouched hat, he looked more like a thrifty Virginia farmer than the Jupiter Tonans of the Confederate army. There was that in Jackson, nevertheless, which challenged the respect and claimed the obedience of men. With no great attention to the details of discipline, he notwithstanding kept his troops in the best fighting trim. His original "Stonewall" brigade, which received its mould and fashion from his own master-mind, will rank in history with the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, and the Old Guard of Napoleon.

No man could have exercised such an influence over large bodies of men, unless he was endowed with those personal qualities which endear as well as awe. Jackson possessed those qualities in no ordinary degree. Under his rugged exterior there was concealed a heart almost womanly in its tenderness. Not otherwise can we account for the fact that beardless boys—many of them but raw recruits—would follow him in his winter march to the Potomac, and that the same class at Manassas and Chancellorsville fought under his leadership with the steadiness of veterans. So enthusiastic, indeed, was the attachment of our whole army in Virginia to this great man, that whenever he rode along the lines, they made the welkin ring with their hearty huzzas. How mysterious the Providence that deprived the South of his services at a time when they were most needed!

Near the close of the battle at Chancellorsville, he received his death-wound—whether from friend or foe is still a vexed question.

His last hours were in beautiful harmony with his life. They are suggestive, too, of the most touching memories. As the great Napoleon lay dying in his sea-girt prison his mind wandered back to Austerlitz and Lodi, and his last utterance, *Tete d' Armee*, bespoke the hero of a hundred victories; so Jackson, as his mind wandered in the delirium of death, thought himself once more amidst the shouting of the captains and the neighing of war-steeds. "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," said the dying hero. But there were tenderer emotions welling up in his heart. He thought of his gallant troops, weary and faint with the fatigues of the march or the strife of the battle. "Send provisions forward to the men," he murmured as he lay in a half-conscious state. "A change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and now his mind reverted to his quiet village home; and turning to one of his attendants, he said audibly, "Bury me at Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." Afterwards he grows weaker with every breath—the shadows of the grave thicken around him—when a vision of surpassing beauty and brilliancy breaks on the departing soul of the Christian hero. A noble river flows at his feet. On the farther bank are trees of beauty, and flowers of matchless hue and fragrance. He seems for a moment to gaze wistfully on the scene, and then utters softly those sweet last words, "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." The eagle

eye is now quenched and the lion heart is still ; henceforth the war-worn chieftain is numbered with God's "saints in glory everlasting." How much grander such a departure than that which Scott has conceived for the hero of Flodden Field, when

"With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted victory!"

How much more impressive even than the last moments of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, or than those of Nelson as he died on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship ! By a majority of his countrymen his death was regarded as a fatal blow to the Confederacy. His name alone was a "tower of strength" to the cause ; his presence was as inspiring as the bugle blast of Roderick Dhu, while his wonderful ability could not be replaced or substituted. Even his enemies honored his memory with tears and plaudits. As for the sorrow of the South, it can only be likened to that which marked the untimely death of William of Orange, of which it was so eloquently said "*that strong men wept like women, and the little children cried in the streets.*"

OUR INDIAN TRIBES—THEIR DESTINY.

Less than three centuries have elapsed since the cavalier settlement at Jamestown and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. And yet in that period what vast changes have been wrought on the American continent.

This was then a new world to the European. Immense forests covered its broad area, and populous tribes of Indians fished and hunted where now are bustling marts and waving harvest fields. In the present territory of New York were found the powerful Six Nations, the earliest example of an American Confederacy. Pennsylvania and a portion of the adjacent States were occupied by the peaceful Delawares. New England had its remnant of Pequods and Naragansetts, South Carolina was in possession of the Catawbias and Tuscaroras, the latter of whom subsequently migrated northward. Georgia and Alabama were inhabited by the warlike Creeks and more civilized Cherokees. The Chickasaws were still farther towards the setting sun, and the boundless prairies west of the Mississippi were the abode of Apaches, Camanches, Sioux, and the degraded Crow and Digger tribes.

It is impossible to ascertain the aggregate number of these numerous tribes. Very probably they did not exceed the present population of New York.

From a variety of causes, however, they have steadily diminished, until now they are less than a half million. A feeble remnant of once powerful tribes have been colonized in the Indian Territory. These have been instructed in the arts of civilization, and have their churches and school houses. They send their delegate to Congress, and are pensioned from the national treasury. Theirs is, at best, however, a sickly existence, and they seem less at ease than when they built their rude wigwams on the banks of the Etowah, and kindled their council fires on the shores of the Savannah.

The great body of Indians are in the northwest, and these tribes are far more savage and far more ferocious than any of the eastern tribes. They are now making a desperate yet fruitless struggle against the advancing tide of western civilization.

The occasional Indian disturbances in the northwest only constitute a single chapter in the history of the aborigines of this continent. Indian wars form the staple of our colonial history; and from the organization of the Federal Government until the present hour we have had strife and bloodshed whenever and wherever the two races have been brought into contact. However well we may philosophize about the brotherhood of man, the records of frontier warfare, accompanied as it has been, by the indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children, show the fixed antagonism if not inextinguishable enmity that exists between the red man and the white man.

It may be that the selfishness of the white man has

as much to do in precipitating these conflicts as either the treachery of the Indian or the mere instincts of his race.

No conscientious man can wholly approve of the policy of the Government towards the Indian tribes. In the main generous and conciliatory, it has, nevertheless, at times, been alternately perfidious and vindictive. Claiming, by virtue of discovery, the right of eminent domain in the soil, we have, as suited our convenience, and even caprice, expelled the Indian from his ancient inheritance. This has sometimes chafed him to desperation, and Wyoming and Roanoke massacres have been the result. Then swift retribution has followed, and the wasted tribes have been pressed backward across the Father of Waters, and even to the eastern gorges of the Rocky Mountains.

We are not blind to the bad qualities of the race. The lordly savage which drawing-room poets depict in Hiawathian numbers, or that juvenile artists portray in all the glory of flaunting feathers and embroidered moccasins, is a very different being from the dark-browed bandit that prowls over the plains of Dacotah and Montana, that he may prey on the defenseless settlers. The one is a flesh and blood reality, the other is, with rare exceptions, a figment of the fancy.

And yet there have been noble specimens of untutored greatness amongst these children of the forest. They have had, except the Cherokees and a few other tribes, no written language, and consequently no literature. For the fine arts they exhibit no aptitude. Still, they

have had their orators, like Logan, whose eloquence stirs the soul, or like Weatherford, who speaks of the fallen braves at Emuckfau and Tohopeka as thrillingly as Pericles of the dead at Marathon. Nor have they failed to produce warriors of the highest genius. Red Jacket could not plan a campaign like Marlborough, nor did Osceola understand the principles of fortification like Vauban, and yet both of them, with an undisciplined and badly equipped soldiery, kept at bay the tried veterans of our army.

But the race, with its vices and its virtues, is doomed. A few more years will witness its extinction. Not many years ago that ill-starred genius, the Milford Bard, drew a most striking picture of the last Indian leaping into the waters of the Pacific. It was more touching even than Campbell's representation of the Last Man, for he was full of hope,

And could defy the darkening universe
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God.

But the last Indian could only look regretfully to the lost hunting-grounds and desolate graves of his fathers, and in the frenzy of despair plunge into the weltering waste of waters. We should be glad to indulge a more hopeful view of the destiny of these tribes. We know the humanizing effects of schools and colleges. Above all do we cherish a profound conviction of the elevating influences of Christianity. But, at the same time, we remember the paralyzing influence of perhaps five thou-

sand years of unmitigated barbarism. This, in connection with the deficient brain and the nomadic tendencies of the race, make us doubtful of any permanent improvement of their condition.

The Mound-builders, who preceded them, have vanished from the light of the sun, the Aztecs and Incas who established anomalous civilizations in Mexico and Peru, have disappeared from the earth. So, too, we are constrained to believe that the countrymen of the gallant Tecumseth and the faithful McIntosh will, ere long, be numbered with the extinct races of mankind.

We may as well accept the stubborn fact that the inferior races must go to the wall. This lesson is taught us in the fate of other races than those to which we have just alluded. We are constantly treading on the dust of dead empires and the debris of extinct civilizations. However much it may shock our sensibilities, yet the work of elimination will go forward until we reach the "terminal dynasty" which Hugh Miller has so eloquently described. Not only the Indian—the Feugian, the South Sea Islander, the Eskimo, but the Negro and all other races that form the rear-guard of humanity must finally perish.

It is true that the census returns in this country show a rapid increase in the Negro population, especially during the last two decades. Whether these statistics have been doctored for a partisan purpose, and to what extent is yet an open question. Of one thing we are quite sure, that the weaker must in the long run give place to the stronger. The marvellous fecundity of the

Negress may postpone—but cannot permanently defeat this ultimatum.

Meanwhile Christian charity should induce us to do what is proper to be done for the betterment of their physical and moral condition, as we may have opportunity, and according to the measure of our ability.

TIME—FAITH—ENERGY.

Every student of English literature will remember the beautiful application which Bulwer makes of these words in one of his earliest and best novels. They are indeed magical words, and we would, if possible, infuse the spirit of them into the minds and hearts of our American youth.

They constitute the conditions of permanent success and superior excellence in all the departments of human exertion.

One of these terms—Faith—must not be taken in a narrow theological sense, but in its broader acceptance, as that faculty or tendency of the mind which is the exact opposite of the processes of the logical understanding. As thus defined, it is a characteristic of all great minds. It as much distinguished Columbus in his search for a new world, as it did Abraham in his pilgrimage to Canaan. It characterized Alexander in his struggle after universal empire, as well as David when he undertook the conquest of the neighboring Philistines or Edomites.

So that to the list of those elders whom Paul commemorates in the epistle to the Hebrews might be truthfully added those master spirits of profane history, who grasping some transcendental truth of physics or morals, or politics, have embodied it in an illustrious action—or

made it the corner-stone of some system of government or philosophy.

No one, therefore, may hope to achieve great results who is an utter stranger to this "vision and faculty divine." He may be happy and useful in his generation, but without it he shall sleep at last with the rude forefathers of his native hamlet.

Nor is Energy less necessary to eminent success than Faith. This is the working capacity which all right-minded men honor, even in the swarthy laborer who hammers iron or trundles a wheel-barrow. It is an excellent substitute for genius. Many a young man has signally failed, not for lack of capacity, but because he was deficient in energy. Hugh Miller, who wrought through the day in the stone-quarries of Cromarty, and consumed half the night in classical studies, is an example of that energy which we commend. Such industry will succeed in spite of every disadvantage of fortune, and will sometimes elevate him that practices it to the foremost rank amongst his contemporaries. We need this quality in the South more than all else at the present juncture. Our people have been impoverished far beyond their own present appreciation. But though the field be lost, all is not lost. We have our manhood left us. We have brawn and brain which, if vigorously exercised and well-directed, will yet make this beautiful land to bloom like Eden and blossom as the garden of the Lord.

Time is another condition of success. We live in a "fast age." We do everything in a hurry, and seem

to have utterly forgotten the *festina lente* of the ancients. The consequence is that our scholarship is superficial—our public works, with few exceptions, appear designed for ornament rather than use, and the reading of the majority is confined to shilling novels and penny pamphlets.

One can scarcely believe that we are of the same lineage with the Aschams and Erasmuses of a past generation, or that we are of the same race, with those who built the pyramids, or those later giants who reared the vast cathedrals, and wrote the huge folios of mediæval Europe. The great works of genius, like the Iliad of Homer, and the Principia of Newton, are the product of patient and protracted intellectual toil. They require line upon line, here a little and there a little. And so, too, it is by persistent strokes of the chisel that the shapeless block of marble is fashioned into the masterpiece of the sculptor, and by persevering labor that the painter's canvass is made to glow with the touching scene of The Last Supper Time, Faith, Energy. Let these talismanic words be the motto of our young men, and we need not then despair of the fortunes of the South, nor of the welfare of this great Republic, one and indivisible.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Addison was the first English critic who popularized Milton's Paradise Lost, and Macaulay is entitled to the credit of having first introduced Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress to the favorable notice of the magnates of the English realm.

For more than two hundred years it had been the

favorite book of the working classes. It was always found side by side with the Holy Bible, in the library of the humble cottager, but it was rarely seen in the mansions of the wealthy.

Since the publication of Macaulay's essay on John Bunyan, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, there has been a marked change in the fortunes of this production of the immortal dreamer. It is now published in the handsomest style of the book making art, and embellished with sketches by the best living artists. It is, moreover, fashionable to speak of it as an English classic, and even to prefer it to the latest novel.

This argues well for the literary taste of the age, for no where is there to be found more sound wisdom, more chaste, yet beautiful imagery, and greater purity of style than in this unrivalled allegory.

It ought to be a constant study, not only with divines and professedly religious people, but with all who are fond of choice reading, and who wish to acquire a correct English style.

Next to our authorized version of the Holy Scriptures, and the *Spectator*, we know of nothing in the language comparable to it in this respect.

As a history of Christian experience, it will be fully appreciated only by those who have themselves floundered, like Christian, in the slough of despond, or in their happier moods have trod with him the delectable mountains. Blessed be the memory of good John Bunyan, who was favored with this heavenly vision in the dungeon of Bedford jail.

A NATIONAL PARASITE.

Naturalists have much to say of parasitic plants and animals. The mistletoe is one of the most familiar instances of the former class, and the hermit-crab is one of the most notable examples of the latter class. The mistletoe, instead of gathering its nourishment from the soil, draws its supplies from the oak and chestnut. With equal disinterestedness the hermit-crab, instead of building its own houses, utilizes the cast-off shells of various mollusca. In both cases there is, as scientists teach, a rapid degeneration.

Parasitism is not, however, confined to the vegetable and animal kingdoms. There are frequent examples amongst the lower and higher human races. Every unproductive consumer, whether duke or dead-beat, is a social parasite. Every landlord or employer, who grinds the poor, and, by one or another crooked device, appropriates without just compensation the blood and sweat of the toiling millions, is none the less a parasite because of his plethoric money-bags.

Aggressive syndicates, land monopolies, tax exempted capital, whether in bonds or railways, all go to augment the burdens of the bread-winners. They perpetuate an evil which menaces the peace and prosperity of the commonwealth. They are in no small measure

responsible for the growth of communism, and pave the way for Chicago bomb throwing and French revolutions.

Moralize as we may on the comeliness of law and order, emphasize as we may choose the sacredness of vested rights, these "wise saws" are but paper barriers, when the smouldering passions of a hungry populace break forth with desolating force and fury. These issues are not yet imminent in this country. But for this we are less indebted to the sagacity of our rulers than to that broad heritage which furnishes ample room for our constantly swelling population. Our civil war, followed by the emancipation of five millions of slaves, the accumulation of a vast national debt, the establishment of an enormous pension list, has cast a heavy burden on the taxpayers of the country.

The negroes, unfitted morally and intellectually for the exercise of freedom, were distinctly recognized as "wards of the nation." Even while the sulphur smoke of battle still floated in the air, this blighting curse of parasitism was entailed on coming generations. The Freedman's Bureau was inaugurated, with its periodical disbursement of food and clothing. In many instances it was a well bestowed charity. But in an immense majority of cases it was directly promotive of idleness. As practically administered it was the offering of a premium to thriftless vagabondism that did quite as much to demoralize the negroes, as the patriotic carpet-baggers and pious school-marms who followed in the wake of conquering armies. From that time forward, sundry efforts in the shape of constitutional amend-

ments and civil rights bills, and at short intervals military intervention in the domestic affairs of the Southern States, served to perpetuate this ruinous policy. Men who, in respect to other questions, are of unimpeachable sanity, when they touch this issue appear to have eaten of "that insane root which takes the reason prisoner."

The latest aspect of this craze is the educational bill of Senator Blair. If this were an isolated measure, it might be treated with some forbearance. But such a conception argues an exceedingly narrow view of the drift of the scheme it inaugurates and an utter misapprehension of the intent of its principal advocates. Properly understood, it is the smallest part of an administrative policy, as well defined as the American system of Mr. Clay. It means centralization, and, as a logical sequence, Cæsarism. It leads to the paternal government of Bismarck, which is only sustained by the memories of Sadowa and Sedan, the personal qualities of the Kaiser, and a military establishment which is an incubus on German industries and a perpetual menace to neighboring nationalities. It is at best a blear-eyed statesmanship or a wilful betrayal of public liberty. This is a strong statement, and yet we are ready for its vindication.

Let us for the present consider the matter apart from its obvious relations to other issues—the tariff—the reckless squandering of the public domain, the wasteful extravagance of river and harbor appropriations, and the pension list, all of which are a convenient pretext

for oppressive taxation. An exorbitant tariff system has put one hundred millions of surplus revenue in the Federal treasury. Instead of applying this money to the extinguishment of our national debt, it is gravely proposed to divert it from this legitimate channel and disburse it to the States for educational purposes on the basis of illiteracy. On its very face it is a studied appeal to the cupidity of the Southern States.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, sees in it the Trojan horse of the Iliad. To us it appears as a nineteenth century rehearsal of a highly dramatic incident of the Gospel. We refer to the time when the devil, by some mysterious agency spirited away the Son of God to the summit of an exceeding high mountain, and showed him in an instant of time the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; proffering the whole as the reward for a single act of devil worship—only a peppercorn by way of fealty. And yet, as a quaint divine has said the devil did not own a foot of land.

So with the sponsors of this educational bill. They offer large sums on condition that the States will raise a like amount. All this vast treasure we will give you, when in very truth the general government is a pauper—not less than the leperous Lazarus of our Savior's parable. Not a dollar in its treasury that the people of the States did not put there, and the South more than its proportionable share. Its ultimate tendency is to confer on the general government the power to control the matter of education in all the States. We know right well that according to the provisions of the pend-

ing bill, the policy is temporary, designed to meet an emergency. But is any advocate of the measure so stupid or so wilfully blind as not to see that Congress, once having acquired the power, will exercise it with only such limitations as it may accept? Given a sweeping Republican victory, and the next step will be for the Secretary of the Interior to prescribe the text books and to withhold the appropriations from all but mixed schools. The sagacity of men who cannot see the moral certainty of this result is on a par with the folly of that silly bird who thrusts his head into the desert sands and leaves his bulk exposed to an *a posteriori* argument anything but pleasant, and shamefully humiliating to the dignity even of an ostrich.

Where, we ask, is the reason or necessity for submitting to this fresh assault on local self-government? In what school of politics did the Democratic Senators, who voted for the passage of the bill, learn that the States were incapable of managing this matter? What is more, is the scheme either right or politic? Is it based on one of the powers delegated to the Federal government? One Southern Senator answers affirmatively in reliance upon the "general welfare" clause, a construction that evidently makes the government one of unlimited powers—a construction that even Timothy Pickering, the typical Federalist, would have disavowed. This from a man who, in *ante-bellum* days, was on the question of States rights "a Hebrew of the Hebrews;" who, during the war, was such a pronounced stickler for State sovereignty, that he more than once embar-

arrassed and hindered the war policy of the Confederate government. Nor was he more fortunate in his appeal to the practice of the government with reference to internal improvements. An appeal to precedent is allowable in the forum. *Stare decisis* is a wise judicial maxim. But the merest pettifogger knows that it is out of place in the Senate chamber. Ours is in theory, and until these evil days was in practice, a government of constitutional limitations. Besides, the analogy which he proposes between appropriations for educational purposes and river and harbor appropriations, is fanciful and far-fetched.

The Senator referred to is no mean disputant, and we have rarely seen him at such manifest disadvantage as when Bayard, of Delaware, exposed the absurdity of this analogy. The Delaware Senator admonished him, that as long ago as 1826, the United States Supreme Court had affirmed the constitutionality of the river and harbor appropriations, on the ground that the Federal government had the power to regulate commerce between the States. This decision, he further remarked, had been acquiesced in by all departments of the government for a half century. It was like a third form boy at Rugby having his Latin syntax corrected by Thomas Arnold. But if there were no constitutional obstacle to the bill, its obvious impolicy ought to insure its defeat.

We have elsewhere said some things which we take this occasion to restate.

The credit or discredit of the authorship of this

measure is shared between the late President Garfield and Judge Tourgee. The latter gentleman, according to his own confession, had gone on a "fool's errand" to North Carolina just after the war. By his party associates even he had come to be regarded as an educational bore—but he succeeded at last in winning the ear and confidence of Mr. Garfield. In an interview with the President, Tourgee convinced that official that just such a scheme of National Education as was afterwards incorporated in the Blair Bill was the apacific and sovereign remedy for the political and social disabilities of the Southern Freedman. That by this measure also, the Republican party would be able to secure a free ballot and a fair count in Southern elections. By this new phase of reconstruction Tourgee likewise argued that no less than seven of the South Atlantic and Gulf States would in process of time be transformed into negro republics. Mr. Garfield, who was at least, a shrewd partisan, readily saw that this pet project of Tourgee, was a vast stride towards centralization. Austria could devise no better plan for counteracting the spread of liberal principles in the empire than to place the whole matter of education in the hands of the Jesuit Fathers. Nor could human ingenuity devise a better plan for destroying the peace and prosperity of the South than to give the control of the primary education of the masses, white and black, to the Federal Government so long as the radical party was in power. Of course the ostensible pretext of this unconstitutional interference with a matter properly belonging to the

jurisdiction of the State Governments was humanitarian rather than political. It was, they alleged, to forestall a conflict of races when every dollar they have expended and every effort they have made whether on the line of Missionary or Educational work has widened the breach, and rendered true reconciliation more difficult and impracticable. If they really desire harmony between the races and the enlargement of the South's prosperity, let them mind their home affairs. If they must needs go abroad they may find ample employment on "the dark continent" where the debased inhabitants eat serpents and lizzards, and worship a Mumbo Jumbo idol. And yet one of these Northern churches appropriates barely three thousand dollars of missionary money to Africa, and at the same time votes sixty thousand dollars to the South, where their presence is an obvious impertinence. Is it uncharitable to ask if they are in search of human souls or Republican votes?

Unless we shut our eyes to the facts of History, we shall be constrained to answer this question affirmatively. That church before and after the civil war has been preaching a Gospel of hate, except when for selfish ends it was seeking a unification of the Northern and Southern branches of Methodism.

Such a line of policy as the disbursement proposed is really without precedent in the history of the government. Many years ago there was a surplus revenue accruing from the sale of the public lands. It was proposed to distribute this fund, for which the government had no present need, not as a free gratuity, but as an

indefinite loan. Some of our purest and wisest statesmen resisted the measure, as both unconstitutional and inexpedient. South Carolina refused outright to receive her quota. She was unwilling to be subsidized, or, what was scarcely less incompatible with her dignity, to become a pensioner of the Federal treasury. It is a burning shame that such manly independence is no longer dreamed of in our political philosophy.

But its impolicy is more striking for another vital consideration. While we distinctly recognize the evils of illiteracy among the negroes, we are equally satisfied that universal education is no adequate remedy for universal suffrage. "There is no political alchemy," as Huxley wisely observed, "by which you can extract golden conduct from leaden instincts." The negro's intellectual and moral advancement is limited by the intellectual and moral capabilities of his race. The law of conformity to type will bring him to his proper level, as certainly as the law of gravitation brings a stone to the earth.

Negro suffrage, not less a crime than a blunder, can only be corrected by such a modification of the law as the public welfare shall demand. Meanwhile, let us bear the ills we have rather than fly to others we know not of. What may be done for the negro's education will be best done by the State governments, without Federal interference.

Let him be taught that his highest well-being is to be secured by self-development, not by parasitism. Let him learn to discriminate between a becoming self-reli-

ance and an offensive self-assertion. Let him be admonished that his struggle for equality, much more for supremacy, is an inevitable failure. That the social and political distinctions which he resents as disparagements, and even grievances, are based on ethnical differences that no human enactments can obliterate.

The wretched class legislation of the past twenty years, inspired by malice and intended to humiliate the South, has been a positive injury to the negro as well as a flagrant wrong to the white race. Senator Blair's bill is of a piece, so far as its manifest tendencies are concerned, with the cotton tax, the kuklux laws, the confiscation and disfranchisement laws of a Radical majority. The spirit that prompted the dismemberment of the mother of States still seeks to blot out State lines and destroy State sovereignty by a gradual absorption of the rights "reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

Twenty years more of similar misrule will not only revolutionize the government, but it will utterly destroy whatever of real manhood yet remains in the negro race.

The History of Liberia sheds abundant light on this vexed question. Colonized under the auspices of the American Government with the best class of Africo-Americans, it has been a miserable abortion. For a time there was some faint prospect of success, but more recently it has gone from bad to worse until socially, commercially and politically, it is an eye-sore to the civilized nations, and is treated with deserved contempt

even by the barbarous natives. Everywhere indeed, the attempt to found Negro States has signally failed. If Garfield's project for Africanizing the South Atlantic and Gulf States through the agency of a Blair Bill, or a similar congressional enactment could be consummated the fruits would be the same as when Negro Supremacy was foisted by Federal bayonets on South Carolina. Senator Hampton in his *Forum* article has shown what a Political Bedlam was developed in a very few years by that iniquitous policy. From the Governor to the humblest tax-gatherer there was fraud and outright roguery to a degree that exhausted the State Treasury and threatened the downtrodden white population with universal bankruptcy. And yet there is a class of Republican Statesmen North, and their pliant henchmen South, who are eager to repeat this experiment on a much larger scale. They may achieve a temporary success, but their final discomfiture is inevitable.

By a gracious provision of nature "moral monsters cannot propagate," and a like seminal impotency is the characteristic of every public policy bottomed on such flagrant injustice as distinguishes the measures and master spirits of the present dominant party.

Let it be continued, and it is but a question of time when, instead of an independent body of American citizens, the whole race, with rare exceptions, will become "a proletarian rabble kept at the public expense."

MODERN INFIDELITY—ITS LATEST PHASE.

Shelley, in his notes to *Queen Mab*, characterizes our Saviour as an ambitious man, who aspired to the throne of David.

To compass this cherished object, he falsely claimed to be the Messiah of the Jewish prophecies. His life, therefore, was, according to this theory, a piece of ingenious acting, inspired by fraud, and controlled by the basest selfishness.

We instinctively shudder at the bold blasphemy of such a declaration, and yet even this is more tolerable than the patronizing air of Ernest Renan and kindred writers. These affect a reverence for Christ, while, like Iscariot of old, they betray him with a kiss. They salute him with "Art thou well, my brother?" whilst they smite him in the most vital part with the secret blade of Joab.

The infidelity of the school of Voltaire and Paine has fallen into general disrepute, as much on account of its shameless indecency as because of its manifest absurdity. The world is not yet so degenerate that it will listen patiently to the teachings of an author who alleges that the virgin mother was recreant to her plighted troth, and that the Holy Child was the offspring of an illicit amour. Nor will it respect the sayings of any man or party that maintains, contrary to all the evidence, that

Mary Magdalene and Mary, the wife of Cleopas—witnesses of the resurrection—were women of doubtful veracity and more than doubtful virtue. Such reckless defamation defeats its own purpose, and is sure to recoil with terrible force against the cause it is designed to uphold. This plan of attack has been, therefore, abandoned by the more wary opponents of Christianity. It is now the fashion for avowed infidels to be convulsed with raptures at the epic grandeur of Isaiah and Habakkuk, and to be melted by the elegiac tenderness of Jeremiah. Nor do they hesitate to rank the inimitable Parables and Sermons of Christ with the grandest utterances of Plato and Aristotle.

Conspicuous, as we have already intimated, amongst this class, is Renan, whose work, entitled "The Apostles," has suggested these reflections. "The Apostles," as respects the plan of it, bears a close analogy to Neander's "Planting of Christianity." It takes for its basis the Acts of the Apostles as supplemented and explained by the Pauline Epistles. While it contains many grave, historical inaccuracies, it may be safely admitted that portions of the Sacred Record are discussed with fairness and ability. This especially applies to those pages devoted to the missionary labors of Paul and Barnabas. It sheds considerable light, also, on the distracting controversy between the Jewish and Gentile converts, which, in particular localities, brought the early Church to the verge of utter overthrow. In this connexion, he gives a full account of the establishment of the Church of Antioch, the mother Church of the Gentiles. In

regard to this event, which constitutes an era in the development and expansion of the Church, he makes the following observations:

“The Church of Antioch owed its foundation to some original believers from Cyprus and Cyrene, who had already been zealous in preaching. Up to this time they had only addressed themselves to the Jews. But in the city where pure Jews—Jews who were proselytes, ‘people fearing God’—or half-Jews, half-pagans, and pure pagans lived together, confined preachings, restricted to a group of houses, became impossible. That feeling of religious aristocracy on which the Jews of Jerusalem so much prided themselves, had no existence in these large cities, where civilization was altogether of the profane sort, where the atmosphere was more expanded, and where prejudices were less firmly rooted. The Cypriot and Cyrenian missionaries were then constrained to depart from their rule. They preached to the Jews and to the Greeks indifferently.

“The reciprocal dispositions of the Jewish and of the pagan population appeared at this time to have been very unsatisfactory. But circumstances of another kind probably sub-served the new ideas. The earthquake, which had done serious damage to the city on 23d March, of the year 37, still occupied their minds. The whole city was talking about an impostor named Debborius, who pretended to prevent the recurrence of such accidents by ridiculous talismans. This sufficed to direct preoccupied minds towards supernatural matters. However that may have been, great was the success of the Christ

ian preaching. A young, innovating, and ardent Church, full of the future, because it was composed of the most diverse elements, was quickly founded. All the gifts of the Holy Spirit were there poured out, and it was then easy to perceive that this new Church, emancipated from the strict Mosaism which traced an irrefragable circle around Jerusalem, would become the second cradle of Christianity. Assuredly, Jerusalem will remain forever the capital of the Christian world nevertheless, the point of departure of the church of the Gentiles, the primal focus of Christian missions, was, in truth, Antioch. It is there, for the first time, that a Christian church was established, divorced from the bonds of Judaism; it is there that the great propaganda of the Apostolic age was established; it was there that St. Paul assumed a definite character. Antioch marks the second halting-place of the progress of Christianity, and, in respect of Christian nobility, neither Rome, nor Alexandria, nor Constantinople can be at all compared with it."

It is, however, evidently the purpose of Renan to eliminate every element of the supernatural from the history of the primitive Church. He labors assiduously to accomplish this end, and spares no quibble, and no device that may help the undertaking. With this intent he has investigated at much length the Scriptural narrative of the conversion of St. Paul. He concedes the vast significance of that remarkable event, and recognizes its wonderful influence on the fortunes of the infant Christianity. Hence, he is at great pains to strip it of all semblance of the miraculous, and to drag it down to

the level of a natural, although an extraordinary, occurrence. He ventures to revive, at this late date, the preposterous theory of German Rationalism, which Strauss himself discarded as less tenable than the received opinion of Christendom. We shall not attempt to follow Renan through the wearisome details of what he styles his argument on this question. The bare statement of that argument is the readiest mode of refuting it. Can it be credited, may we not ask, that the facts recorded by Luke of that marvellous journey to Damascus—which facts Paul affirmed before the great council of his nation at Jerusalem—facts which he reiterated before Agrippa in the Judgment Hall at Cæsarea—which he doubtless insisted on in his first and second answers before Cæsar—facts, too, that he avouched by his martyrdom—that these facts, in part and whole, were a tissue of lies, and were either the concoction of a deliberate fraud, or the hallucination of downright madness?

Does it comport, we again inquire, with reason itself to believe that a thunder-storm gathering suddenly above the declivities of Mount Hermon wrought a conversion that has literally changed the currents of the world's history? Aye, more, is it true, as Renan inculcates, that Paul was stunned and blinded by a lightning stroke, and that his vision of the crucified Nazarene was simply the result of opthalmic inflammation, and that the voice of rebuke, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me!" was the mere product of his confused consciousness?

We have selected this instance of the conversion of St. Paul as a fair example of the style of reasoning

which pervades this book from the High Priest of modern infidelity. It will serve very well to show what is the logic of skepticism, and to what desperate shifts and expedients even great minds are driven when they break away from the moorings of Christian theology. If these, and such as these, are the most formidable objections to the Bible, then, indeed, may its friends laugh to scorn the efforts of its mightiest assailants.

It is, however, a noteworthy fact that infidelity is as much of a changling as Proteus, the fabulous sea-god of classic mythology. In one century it dogmatizes with Chubb and Bolingbroke, and in another it syllogizes with Hume. In one generation it sneers with Voltaire and raves with Tom Paine, whilst in the next it praises with Strauss, and almost worships with Renan.

There is, indeed, amongst these enemies of the Faith—a most striking confusion of tongues—so much so, in sooth, that it is easy to set one in battle array against another. Like equal quantities on opposite sides of an Algebraic equation, they neutralize each other, and the sum total is zero. Let it not be supposed that Renan and others of his class do not have a system of religious belief. He calls this system the absolute religion of which he asserts Mormonism, Buddhism and Christism to be convenient modifications. This is certainly high-sounding phraseology, but when carefully analyzed it is discovered to be a most pitiful play on words. Their boasted absolutism is a veritable sham. It has not the vitality of a galvanized corpse, and is, in our judgment a form of infidelity less plausible than atheism, or even nihilism.

Before dismissing this subject, we feel it is but due to Renan to cite the subjoined passage from his work :

“ Are we then to conclude that religion is destined gradually to die away like the popular fallacies concerning magic, sorcery, and ghosts ? By no means. Religion is not a popular fallacy ; it is a great intuitive truth, felt and expressed by the people. All the symbols which serve to give shape to the religious sentiment are imperfect, and their fate is, to be one after another rejected. But nothing is more remote from the truth than the dream of those who seek to imagine a perfect humanity without religion. The contrary idea is the truth. The Chinese, a very inferior branch of humanity, have hardly any religious sentiment. But if we suppose a planet inhabited by a race whose intellectual, moral and physical force were the double of our own, that race would be at least twice as religious as we. I say ‘at least,’ for it is likely that the religious sentiment would increase more rapidly than the intellectual capacity, and not in merely direct proportion. Let us suppose a humanity ten times as powerful as we are ; it would be infinitely more religious. It is even probable that at this degree of sublime elevation, being freed from material cares and egotism, endowed with perfect judgment and appreciation, and perceiving clearly the baseness and nothingness of all that is not true, good or beautiful, man would be wholly a religious being, and would spend his days in ceaseless adoration, passing from ecstasy to ecstasy of religious rapture, and living and dying in the loftiest delight of the soul. Egotism is the measure of inferi-

ority, and decreases as we recede from the animal nature. A perfect being would no longer be selfish, but purely religious. The progress of humanity, then, cannot destroy or weaken religion, but will develop and increase it."

Such a testimony from such a quarter is not to be despised or undervalued. It shows there are generous longings and genial sensibilities underlying the cold and repulsive surface of Renan's moral and intellectual character. It ought to teach us, too, "Charity for all," for are not all, the humblest and the weakest, the children of one Great Father, "who knoweth our frame, and who remembereth that we are dust?"

ENGLISH LIBERALISM.

As late as 1753, a bill was pending in the British Parliament to authorize the naturalization of the Jews. This measure of simple justice was furiously assailed in the rural districts, and even the city of London sent up a very large memorial condemning the movement as dishonoring to the church and damaging to the commerce of the country.

Little more than a hundred years thereafter Benjamin D'Israeli, the accomplished scholar and statesman was elevated to the Premiership over the heads of men whose ancestors came in with the Conqueror. Those who are familiar with the story of Isaac, of York, as related by Sir Walter Scott, will see in this single event that the world moves, and that in the direction of universal enfranchisement. Henceforth Jewish descent has been no bar in England to the highest civic promotion.

It is true, as Emerson says in his "English Traits" that the "Middle Ages still lurk in the streets of London. The Knights of the Bath yet swear to defend injured ladies; the Gold-stick-in-waiting survives." But there are many things of later development and growth, and amongst them what we choose to term English Liberalism. The germ of this vast popular movement is found in the Bill of Rights of 1688.

There were occasional displays of it under the Tudors and Stuarts, but it was not until the accession of William of Orange that it became formidable by reason of the numerical strength of its adherents. The American Revolution gave a fresh impetus to the movement, and the French Revolution of 1789, by bringing the hitherto despised and down-trodden peoples of Europe face to face with their titled oppressors, made it forever impossible to govern a nation in the interests of a class, and that, perhaps, the most weak and worthless class in the community.

Since that period, the statesmanship of England has applied itself to the work of reforming the abuses of the past, and of shaping the policy of the government so as to subserve, in the language of Bentham the "greatest good of the greatest number."

One of the earliest of these measures of progress was the Catholic Emancipation Act.

The policy of England had for centuries been intensely proscriptive towards these hated religionists. Whilst downright persecution with fagot and sword was not resorted to for many years, yet, by means of the Test Act and kindred abominations, the sincere Catholic was subjected to penalties and disabilities that were alike contrary to the spirit of Christianity and to a sound public policy.

The contest, it will be remembered, was exceedingly bitter. Anti-popery riots were fomented in several of the cities, and in a few localities a bigoted clergy hounded on the rabble in their vindictive courses. Right

and reason in the end prevailed, and this great measure of religious toleration was adopted.

The next onset of the Liberal party was against the representative system which had so long obtained. Under this system, which was fraudulent in the extreme, the rotten boroughs returned a large minority to Parliament. Old Sarum and its congeners were represented, while, at the same time, some of the most populous commercial and manufacturing cities were excluded from the halls of legislation. Less than two hundred electors returned over three hundred members to Parliament. The Reform Bill of 1832 struck at the root of this evil. It provided for a more equitable apportionment of representatives than had ever previously existed. As might be supposed, the bill was stoutly opposed by all who were interested in perpetuating the abuses sought to be remedied by its adoption. It was asserted with some show of reason that the extension of the Elective Franchise was a dangerous experiment. Some of the more violent of its opponents predicted that this tampering with the basis of representation was a prelude to anarchy and the forerunner of national disgrace and disaster.

These political Cassandras were not credited. The bill was passed triumphantly and thus a precedent was established for still greater modifications as circumstances might warrant.

But a few years elapsed until liberalism achieved another splendid victory in the unconditional repeal of the Corn Laws.

These laws were professedly enacted for the protection of the agricultural interests of the kingdom. Upon this specious pretext the price of breadstuffs was enhanced beyond measure. At the same instant that famine, like a fleshless fiend, stalked through the lanes of London and Liverpool, and along the byways of Yorkshire and Lancashire, thousands of bushels of wheat were rotting in the cribs of Illinois and Ohio for want of a market.

Against this political abomination, orators declaimed and poets sang. Barry Cornwall, by his rhymes, did as much to enlighten the public mind as Sir Robert Peel by his unanswerable logic. "Long time in even scale the battle hung," but at length truth won the mastery, and the industrial classes of England were delivered from a most grievous burden. This result demonstrated the fact that the old landholding class was no longer invincible—that the manufacturing class was hereafter to be respected and consulted in the administration of national affairs.

Another exhibition of the strength of liberalism was in the defeat of the Tory ministry on the Irish Church Establishment resolutions of Mr. Gladstone.

We have already referred to this, and we must be permitted to say now that we regard it as the most important of all the victories as yet secured by the progressive party.

Ever since the permanent conquest of Ireland, it has suffered all the evils of misgovernment. The landholding system, connected as it is with absenteeism, and this last with the heartless rapacity of Middlemen, who grind

the poor tenantry to powder, is the very worst that can be imagined. Now, superadd to this the odious Tithe exactions for the support of a clergy that have no sympathy with their Catholic parishioners, and you have at once the cause and the justification of all those efforts at revolution from the united Irishmen of '98 to the Fenians of '68.

The naked question presented by Mr. Gladstone's resolutions was, whether this Irish Church Establishment should still be fastened on the Catholic population of Ireland for the emolument of a hungry swarm of ecclesiastics?

To the immortal honor of an English and a Protestant House of Commons, they thundered "No" with an emphasis that shook the walls of old Westminster.

It is hardly necessary to say that this vote portends no good to the English Establishment itself. That immense corporation may find it needful to cease its discussion of ritualism, and to forget the transcendental follies of the Bishop of Natal, while all parties within the pale of the Establishment combine to resist the coming onslaught of the dissenting and non-conformist religious bodies.

This struggle is inevitable, and without pausing to consider the merits of the controversy, we venture the prediction that the English will share the fate of the Irish Establishment. It may even yet come to pass that a Baptist or Presbyterian clergyman shall officiate as a Royal Chaplain, and that some future sovereign

may worship without a prayer-book, and at other altars than those of the present Established Church.

Besides these greater constitutional changes there have been very many minor changes in the laws of the realm which clearly indicate the prevailing drift towards Democratic institutions. The game laws which bore so oppressively on the common people from the era of the Plautagenets to the day when Shakespeare was arraigned for deer-stalking, and even until recent times, have been amended in the interests of humanity. The Penal Code has been so softened in the stringency and severity of its provisions that it no longer deserves to be characterized as a Code better suited to "a community of Anthropophagi" than to a Christian commonwealth. The horrors of the old Fleet prison, where men were once buried for life, because of business reverses, are virtually unknown. Nor has there been for quite a number of years any just ground for complaint because of onerous taxation of a civil or ecclesiastical sort. One by one the progress of English Liberalism has abolished those laws which originated in an age when Kings were regarded as delegates from Heaven and parliaments were considered omnipotent.

But the greatest issue of English politics since Magna Charta is the question of Home Rule as respects Ireland. It is not strictly a new question, but as formulated by Mr. Gladstone in his Home and Colonial policy it has assumed grander proportions than at any former period of British history.

It is a singular fact that John Bright, whose recent death

has been the subject of much newspaper comment, was intensely hostile to the autonomy of Ireland. Not more strange, however, than his stern opposition to the Southern cause during our late civil war. If the South had been contending mainly for domestic slavery his Quakerism might have justified his course. But for the Tribune of the English working classes to array himself against the principle of local self-government was a piece of the same glaring inconsistency as his opposition to the Irish policy of the Gladstone ministry.

Indeed Mr. Bright's political conduct during the latter years of his life was a sore disappointment to his earlier friends and admirers. Beyond any great statesman of modern times he may be said to have survived his usefulness. We say this in full view of the fact that he was but the other day gracefully eulogized by the leaders of both the great political parties in the House of Commons. He had, indeed, nobly sustained the liberal movement in the darkest period of its history, but his defection, when Gladstone was struggling to establish Home Rule in Ireland, a boon already granted to Canada, and substantially to Australia, was a most appalling weakness in a great party leader.

It is highly probable that with the death of Gladstone there will be a temporary reaction in favor of the New Toryism. But this fluctuation will be transient. The Liberal movement is likely to go forward until the House of Lords as at present constituted is abolished, and such other constitutional changes effected as will scarcely leave a vestige of the English Monarchy.

Let it not be inferred that we endorse fully either the principles or the policy of the Liberal party. We honestly believe that it has done a vast deal of good in the past, but we confess that we have grave apprehensions in regard to its future course. If it shall become a mob of reckless agitators, seeking to unsettle the groundwork of both Church and State, we may then look for political convulsions to be speedily followed by anarchy or despotism.

There is danger of this result, and some of the more far-sighted and conscientious of the leaders of the party are beginning to realize it. If these can succeed in arresting this tendency to excess before it acquires an uncontrollable momentum, then will the cause of constitutional liberty be safe.

Let us hope that the just equilibrium of law and liberty may be maintained; that the one may not degenerate into license, nor the other become the synonym of oppression. They are by no means incompatible, as the history of our own Republic for the first half century of its existence abundantly testifies. And if party spirit and sectional animosity have in these last sad years divorced these equally divine principles of liberty and law, let the true-hearted men of all sections unite in restoring the Government to its rightful position.

Such an example of wise conservatism in America cannot fail to impress and influence the politics of England. The silly projects of mere disorganizers will be visited with public condemnation. And then, by a law of reaction, as beneficent as it is powerful, we too, shall

be saved from the revolutionary madness which threatens the destruction of whatsoever is most sacred in the memories of the past, and most inspiring in the prospects of the future.

“THOU SHALT NOT KILL.”—Eugene Sue has furnished us, in one of his most popular works, a marvelous account of the Thugs of India. Josephus, in his historical writings, tells us of the Sicarii, a band of professional assassins who were upheaved by the social convulsions attendant upon the overthrow of the ill fated Jerusalem.

These statements of the romancist and the historian are enough to make the flesh crawl and the nerves tingle; but they are hardly worse than the terrible reality in some localities North and South, in the bustling marts of the Atlantic coast, and in the vast solitudes of the Western wilderness.

There seems to be a species of homicidal mania prevailing throughout the country. Blood-shedding has become a sort of national pastime. In a large minority of instances, these offenders against peace and good order are allowed to go “unwhipped of justice.” In a few cases, they are not even restrained of their liberty, but are released on “straw bail,” and thus suffered to prey on other communities without let or hindrance. In some cases, these crimes result from political agitation, but usually they proceed from mercenary motives, or else from sheer recklessness of both legal penalties and moral obligation. We can scarcely look into the columns of

a daily paper without stumbling on some fresh deed of horror that would do no discredit to the flush times of Arkansas or Texas, when the revolver and bowie-knife were a part of a man's ordinary wearing apparel.

Long ago Beccaria taught us that it was not the severity but the certainty of punishment which prevented crime. In truth, the severity of a code may defeat its own enforcement, and thereby embolden evil doers by the prospect of impunity.

The laws, therefore, should be mild, making proper allowance for the infirmities of human nature. But where plainly enacted, they should be executed with unvarying certainty. We despair of seeing this result in the administration of the criminal law in this country until the public conscience is enlightened and educated to a just appreciation of the sanctity of human life. Until this is effected, life will be unsafe, and property of all descriptions will partake of the same insecurity. It is easy to see that, in such a condition of affairs, capital will seek investment elsewhere, and the tide of immigration will be diverted into other channels.

We should like for the press generally to ventilate this subject, and the pulpit, too, should contribute its vast influence in the same direction, for only by such a combination of effort can the flood of iniquity be stayed, and the safety of life, liberty and property be assured.

"THE EARTH TREMBLED."

On the night of the 31st of August, 1886, occurred the first violent earthquake shock on the Atlantic coast since the earliest settlement of the North American continent. Slight tremors of very short duration had been felt at long intervals since the landing at Jamestown. These, however, excited only a passing comment. But on the memorable night referred to the earth movement would have done no discredit to Chili or Ecuador. Charleston, or possibly Summerville, twenty miles away, was the center of this seismic convulsion. In the city and village alike, there was great destruction of property and serious loss of life. Throughout the entire area covered by the shock there was much consternation and a number of deaths resulting from fright. These shocks were continued at Charleston and other localities distant more than one hundred miles from the center for days and weeks after the first disturbance. The novelty of the occurrence led to much newspaper discussion as to its cause, and some valuable additions were made to our earthquake literature.

The most plausible theory of its cause is that there was a seaward slip of the Piedmont escarpment. This immense land slide required some weeks to adjust itself, and hence the slighter shocks that prolonged the suspense and deepened the anxiety of the nervous, and of the

superstitious. Another theory propounded in this contemporaneous discussion was, that the disturbance was produced by submarine volcanic action off the South Atlantic coast. So intimate, indeed, is the connexion between volcanoes and earthquakes that one writer has defined an earthquake as "an uncompleted effort to establish a volcano." Another of equal celebrity has asserted that "the forces of explosion and impulse in both are identical."

In the special instance under consideration both theories are embarrassed by the fact that hardly any appreciable change in the tides was observed at Charleston or its vicinity. Yet another theory was suggested that met with a good degree of popular acceptance, but was received with little favor in scientific circles. We refer to the alleged influence of the Sun and Moon.

Prof. Milne, of Tokio, Japan, has said as respects the influence of the Sun and Moon that the period of maximum stress of these two bodies is when they are nearest our planet "that is in perigee and perihelion and again when acting in conjunction or at the syzygies." While he says that earthquakes are slightly more numerous at these periods, yet he is evidently in doubt as to their exerting any very considerable power in producing them.

Humboldt, who surpassed Prof. Milne in general intellectual culture, and who enjoyed equal or greater facilities for studying seismic phenomena, "regarded both volcanoes and earthquakes as the result of a common cause." This conclusion he formulated in the

statement that they proceeded from "the reaction of the fiery interior of the earth on its rigid crust."

Both of them are produced by the sudden and violent expansion of the vapors which are generated by intense heat in the bowels of the earth. Actual experiment demonstrates that the temperature of the earth increases in proportion as we approach its center. This explains the fact that artesian wells of the greatest depth afford the warmest water, and it accounts, besides, for the various temperatures of thermal springs, from the Warm Springs of Virginia to the Hot Springs of Arkansas.

At a certain depth the entire mass of the earth is in a state of furious combustion. This, of necessity, produces explosive gases, which occasion the subterranean thunder that precedes and accompanies earthquakes, as well as the oscillations which constitute the earthquake itself. In some places these gases acquire sufficient intensity to break the crust of the earth, and volcanoes are formed—either constant as Stromboli, or intermittent as Vesuvius and Hecla. These volcanoes, as has often been suggested, are so many safety-valves through which the accumulated gases are discharged, and it is probable that but for their existence the globe itself would be rocked at short intervals by such earthquake spasms as destroyed Lisbon in 1755, and were felt simultaneously on the shores of the Baltic and in the ports of Nova Scotia.

The movements of earthquakes are either vertical, horizontal, or rotary. In a few instances on record these movements have been combined, and in all such

cases the destruction of life and property has been fearful. It is a singular fact, however, observed by Humboldt and other distinguished naturalists, that the magnetic needle is rarely affected by an impending earthquake. Nor is it always the case that there are any atmospheric phenomena that portend the coming shock. It sometimes approaches with the stealthy tread of a midnight burglar, as in Asia Minor in the reign of Justinian, where thousands were crushed by the bowing walls of temples, whither they had repaired for Divine worship.

Most usually, however, the earthquake is attended by a hollow subterranean noise that is sometimes heard at the distance of five hundred miles from the immediate scene of danger.

The fright occasioned by this noise and the accompanying shock, when first experienced, amounts almost to frenzy. The affrighted inhabitants flee to some place of supposed safety, and the midnight air is filled with the prayers and shrieks of women, intermingled with the curses of desperate men, defiant in their wickedness. Even the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air partake of the general alarm, and increase the confusion by their plaintive outcries. But by a law of our nature familiarity with danger breeds indifference, if not contempt. So that it comes to pass that men carouse without trepidation in the vine-valleys of Vesuvius, and gamble without fear under the shadow of Cotopaxi. They buy and sell, and get gain in the market-places of Lima and Guayaquil with as much composure as in Boston or London. Indeed, there are portions of Ecuador

where a shock is of daily occurrence, and the earthquake is less dreaded than a hail-storm. Farmers in Peru and Chili, we are told, regard earthquakes as promotive of fruitfulness and harbingers of plenty. And yet there is hardly any agency so destructive of human life as earthquakes. The bloodiest battles of ancient or modern times were not fatal to such immense numbers as perished in the earthquake which was felt in Calabria nearly two hundred years ago.

In the earthquake of November 1st, 1755, already referred to, which completely destroyed Lisbon, no less than fifty thousand persons were hurried into eternity in the brief space of five minutes. So terrible was the calamity that the British Parliament passed resolutions of sympathy, and voted a large sum for the relief of the sufferers.

Many lives were lost in other localities, and we may form some idea of the wonderful force of the shocks when we state that they were distinctly felt throughout an area of seven hundred thousand square miles, or one-twentieth of the earth's surface.

It appears, from information gathered from all quarters, that earthquakes are not confined to any particular continent or even region of the earth. They are, it is true, most frequent in the tropics, and the equatorial district of South America is peculiarly subject to their visitations. But it is well to remember that the Valley of the Mississippi has not escaped them, and that only a few years ago New England experienced a severe shock synchronous with an earthquake in the Pyrennies.

If at any time the Eastern cities of America should be visited by a very severe earthquake there would be a much greater loss of life and property than lately occurred in Charleston. In such an event the magnificent residences on Fifth Avenue, and the mercantile palaces of Broadway, New York, would overwhelm the thousands who might take refuge in the streets

Such a calamity may be far distant, and still our late experiences must somewhat disturb our serenity. The laws of nature are uniform and stable, but a thousand unseen agencies modify their action.

LaGrange the eminent Astronomer has shown that the most violent perturbations whether in earth, air or ocean do not seriously affect the equilibrium of our planet or of our solar system. The fluctuations that occur are confined within narrow limits and never cumulative to such an extent as to imperil the stability of the system itself. And yet there are probably latent forces in the physical universe that may one day involve results best described by the imagery of the Holy Scriptures. The darkening sun, the reeling earth, the waning moon are at least amongst the possibilities of the illimitable future.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.—It is a most interesting employment to study the revolutions in scientific opinion, and to note the rise and downfall of theories in the domain of physics and metaphysics, in the lapse of even a single century. For thousands of years the Ptolemaic astronomy was in the ascendancy, and perhaps, but for

the fortunate invention of the telescope, might have still maintained its foothold. So, likewise, the scholastic philosophy intrenched itself in every University of Europe, and only yielded to the Baconian system after a stubborn and dubious contest. In the department of geology the Wernerian and Huttonian cosmogonies alternately mastered the situation until a compromise was effected by the genius and learning of a later period. In the sixteenth century, and indeed until the age of Euler, the great German philosopher, the corpuscular theory of light, as propounded by Newton, and endorsed by the scientific world, was everywhere the received doctrine.

We might swell the catalogue to a wearisome length, but we shall content ourselves with an additional example. The doctrine of a plurality of worlds was a half century ago regarded as a verity, which it were both impious and absurd to question.

Boarding-school girls wrote with much assurance about the inhabitants of belted Jupiter, and commencement orators waxed eloquent as they descanted upon the civilization of the supposed dwellers on the surface of the planet Mars; and older writers and declaimers besides spoke as flippantly of the man in the moon as if he was their next door neighbor.

In a few years astronomers began to doubt the truth of this theory, and on further examination many distinguished *savans* utterly discarded it. It was ascertained that Jupiter, for example, with a density not greater than water, was wholly unsuited for human occupancy

—that the moon was but little more than a vast volcanic plain, without fruits or flowers, or springs of water—that Saturn was too cold for any animal known to our globe, except the walrus or the Polar bear—in fine, that Mars alone of all the planetary bodies possessed the requisite conditions for the support of human life, and that in the case of Mars there was one slight difficulty, to-wit: that it probably had no atmosphere. With such data as these it was easy for sciolists to jump to the opposite extreme. For a series of years it was fashionable for hangers-on at scientific associations to ridicule the notion of a plurality of worlds. Men who could not calculate an eclipse sneered at Dick and Chalmers as the merest pretenders, and confidently asserted that amongst the myriads of worlds there were none to worship the All-Father except in our own little corner of His boundless Empire. All other suns and planets were either without form and void, or else had not reached that stage of cosmical development which fitted them for the inhabitation of human beings. It was not possible that this dreary hypothesis could long bear sway over the minds of scientific men. It was repugnant both to reason and religion. Accordingly, it has been giving way for some years, until now a learned writer, in a late number of the Dublin University *Magazine*, announces the gratifying fact, that “the doctrine of the plurality of worlds may be regarded as the universal creed of the astronomer.”

Here again are we reminded of the Apostolic injunc-

tion, "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit."

The wisdom of the Great Creator is vindicated, who has not fashioned this stupendous array of worlds merely to ornament a winter's night, but to be the bright abode of sentient, and even intelligent existence.

We, too, may gather from it a lesson of humility, when we contemplate the magnitude of the universe and the unnumbered millions of moral intelligencies, many of them it may be greatly superior to ourselves, who people the various provinces of that mighty kingdom, whose extent is infinite, and whose duration is commensurate with eternity.

"SHAKEN OF A MIGHTY WIND."

One of the earliest and most vivid of my personal recollections is of the grand meteoric shower of November 13th, 1833. A similar occurrence is recorded as happening in Northern Europe near the close of the last century. But no meteorological display has equalled that of 1833, in extent and duration from the beginning of the historic period.

With reference to the origin of these meteors there have been divers conjectures, most of which are at best haphazard speculations. A number of Astronomers have regarded them as fragments of an exploded Planet smaller in size, but of a like sort with the hundred and odd Asteroids that have been discovered between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Kepler himself thought that a large Planet was needed in this vast interplanetary space to perfect the rhythm of the skies, and the fabled music of the spheres. The subsequent discoveries of Piazzi and Olbers and their successors have fully justified this opinion. The old Astronomical fancy of a lost Pleiad likewise finds its vindication, it may be in these asteroids and in the far more numerous meteoroids which have since been seen in all parts of the world. Whether they be as suggested, the *disjecta membra* of some errant and wrecked orb doomed and damned for some earlier

Adamic transgression, they certainly occupy a definite place in our system.

Their periodical recurrence with greater or lesser brilliancy in May and November and likewise in August and December, establish the fact that at these dates our earth in its annual travel comes in frequent contact with a meteoric zone. It may require another century of investigation with the aid of mightier instruments than that of the Link observatory to determine whether as is probable, these Meteoric exhibitions result from a vast volume of nebulous matter revolving around the sun, and itself the nursery of embryonic planets.

Whatever our conclusion on these vexed questions, it was certainly not only the privilege of a life-time, but of a millenium to be an eye-witness of such a stupendous and resplendent spectacle. I distinctly remember being aroused about 4 o'clock in the morning by the weird outcries of the domestic servants. They seemed possessed with the idea that the day of judgment was at hand and I readily recall the efforts of my father to quiet the uproar by assuring them that there was no cause of alarm.

Of course, I knew nothing of its scientific import. My impressions were those of elation rather than fright. To me the whole scene was about what I have since conceived of the Pyrotechnic displays of the Vauxhall Garden or a full-fledged Chinese Feast of Lanterns. A boy reader will best understand the aspect of things when I add that aside from the fiz and the pop it was like a thousand Christmases condensed into one.

Scientific observers have since told us that these meteoroids all seemed to proceed from a point in the constellation Leo. For this reason they have been since called Leonids. My boyish remembrance accords with this statement of the scientists. Usually they issued singly, but at times they had the appearance of a stream of fire. A few that I observed were very large, one or more not unlike the nucleus of Halley's Comet in 1835, when it was receding from the sun.

They nearly all seemed falling directly to the earth and it was a matter of childish wonderment to me that they did not cover the ground as I had seen falling snow flakes do at other times. The splendor of these celestial fire-works gradually waned as the dawn approached very much to my personal regret.

A great many stories are still current in regard to the general consternation produced by this marvellous phenomenon.

It is related that Volney the infidel, was at one time in the midst of a terrific storm on one of our Northwestern Lakes. It was a strange sight to see the author the "Ruins of Empires" become suddenly devotional as he fell on his knees and begged for deliverance. So on the night of November 13th, 1833, many a stalwart blasphemer resorted to prayer when the Heavens were ablaze with what seemed burning worlds falling earthward.

In some instances persons were frightened into convulsions, and several deaths were reported from different parts of the country.

In my boyhood there was a story current of a wealthy slaveholder in Western Georgia, who was besides something of a Philosopher. He resided in the center of a large negro quarter and being awakened by the shrieks and yells of nearly one hundred slaves, he hurriedly equipped himself in pants and slippers and stepped out on his front piazza. He was soon surrounded with a large number of slaves who were frantic with terror. For a time he surveyed the Heavens with a degree of painful apprehension. Noticing in the crowd an old negro preacher, in whose piety he had much confidence, he addressed him on this wise: "Uncle Joe, do you watch the 'seven stars' and 'the ell and yard' and when you see them start come into the 'big house' and we will have a word of prayer."

Of course the Pleiades were immovable, nor did the empyreal suns that blaze in the belt of Orion "shoot madly from their spheres." As a consequence, the hypothetical "word of prayer" was unspoken. The return of daylight blotted out the meteors and calmed the superstitious fears of master and slave.

Most Astronomers tell us that another such spectacle will probably never be witnessed again through all the generations of men. St. John, who was a prisoner in Patmos, says: "I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal" that "the sun became black as sack-cloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; And the stars of Heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is SHAKEN OF A MIGHTY WIND."

SOME WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

The public mind has occasionally been much interested in discussions and speculations as to the philosophy of eclipses and comets. It is wonderful, that notwithstanding astronomy has measured the eccentric orbit of the one, and computed with precision the times and seasons of the other, that the bare announcement of either is sufficient to perplex and alarm very many who would not like to be classed with the vulgar.

In the popular creed, an eclipse is still the harbinger of calamity, and a comet is viewed with a feeling little short of consternation. The remedy for this will not be found in the researches of the learned, but rather in the wider diffusion of scientific knowledge.

A solar eclipse is caused by the moon passing between the earth and the sun, and can only occur in the first quarter of the moon, for only at this period are these two bodies in conjunction. A lunar eclipse, on the other hand, is occasioned by the shadow of the earth falling on the disc of the moon, and this can only happen when the moon is full.

If the orbit of the moon exactly coincided with the plane of the ecliptic, there would be a lunar eclipse at every full moon. But in consequence of the different inclinations of the orbits of the earth and moon, the latter planet is frequently either above or below the

cone of the earth's shadow, and there is no eclipse or a partial one.

Solar eclipses are in any given locality for the most part partial, while a few are annular, (so called from *annulus*, a ring); in this form of eclipse, a narrow rim of solar light is seen around the dark body of the moon. A small number of eclipses are total, during which there is an obscuration of the direct light of the sun, and a sort of "disastrous twilight" invests earth and sea and sky. It may be well to remark, however, that the same eclipse may be total in Australia, partial in Canada, and annular in France—the extent of the eclipse depending on the standpoint of the spectator.

It was a total eclipse which was observed with so much interest on the 7th of August, 1869. Quite a number of scientific commissioners were dispatched to different points for the purpose of noting and studying this striking phenomenon. Among these, was a party of gentlemen under the supervision of Professors Broun and Charbonnier, of the University of Georgia, who repaired to Bristol, Tennessee, only a few miles distant from the line of total obscuration. From the carefully prepared report of Professor Broun we extract the following admirable description of the eclipse:

"Two observers were directed to watch the effect of the diminution of light on terrestrial objects; also to note the stars and planets visible to the naked eye, and to observe what kind of type could be read, and to note the action of animals, etc. Professor Charbonnier and myself directed our attention to the sun with the tele-

scopes. Each had an assistant to mark time. Just at the calculated time, though no evidence whatever of the position of the moon could be previously seen, I observed a slight tremulous motion on the western limb, 128d. 16m. from the vertex, immediately at the point where it was known by calculation, the first point of contact would occur. In a few moments it became visible to the crowd assembled around. The dark spots of the sun were carefully observed, and the time of first contact and total immersion of the most important of them noted. No change whatever was observed either in the penumbra or umbra of any of the spots during the approach or recession of the moon. As the moon gradually covered the sun from view, its outline was projected back on the disc of the sun—not in a regular well defined curved, but in quite a roughened, serrated outline, indicative of its mountains and valleys.

Just before total obscuration occurred, the crescent of the sun gradually and rapidly faded to a delicate thread of silver light. My attention was concentrated on this line of fading light, to detect, if possible, what astronomers designate as *Bailey's beads*; that is, the sudden breaking up of this thread of light into a number of segments, or distinct points of light, like disjointed silver beads. I detected no indication whatever of such separate points of light. The extinction of this thread of light was sudden and instantaneous. I am inclined to the opinion that one would anticipate naturally, from the serrated character of the moon's disc projected on the sun that *such would be the case*, and with his mind thus

prepared to observe such an effect, it would not be difficult to mistake the optical effect produced by refraction of light through different media, for separate points or *beads*.

On the eve of total obscuration, directions were given to the crowd to be silent so as to hear the beats of the chronometer. The instant the silver line of light disappeared a universal exclamation of amazement and wonder burst from the crowd at the superb spectacle of beauty immediately revealed. The disc of the moon projected on the sky of livid hue was plainly seen of a dark, grayish color, caused by the reflected earth-light, surrounded by a bright halo of gradually fading silver-light, extending through a breadth of at least half the sun's diameter. Through the bright halo of light there radiated off from the sun great mountain peaks of roseate light of exquisite beauty. One of the largest was plainly discernible with the naked eye and pointed towards the horizon. Its base resting on the disc of the moon was of extreme brilliance, like a living coal of fire while its mass appeared radiating off from the sun as a gushing fountain of rose-colored light, shading off in intensity towards its apex in delicate violet hues. The wonderful beauty of this "solar cloud," which subtended an angle of more than three minutes, and consequently was nearly a hundred thousand miles in height—was so great that when I directed the large equatorial towards it, it riveted my attention for a full half minute, and hence I failed to do all I had marked out in the critical two minutes and a half. At the time of total

obscuration, Mercury, Venus and Arcturus were plainly discernible with the naked eye

In the total eclipse of 1868, one of these rose-colored protuberances was observed with an apparent altitude of 80,000 miles. These protuberances were formerly supposed to be similar in character to our terrestrial clouds; but Dr. Jannsen, the chief of the French expedition, sent to the East to observe the total eclipse of August, 1868, examined their light with the spectroscope, and found them to be masses of incandescent gas, consisting largely of hydrogen. Mr. Lockyer, of England, who has examined them with care, pronounces them to be accumulations of a gaseous envelope surrounding the sun.

After the lapse of two minutes and thirty-three seconds, suddenly an intensely diamond-bright ray of light shot out from near the point of first contact, dazzling in its effect, and immediately dissipating the livid gloom that overshadowed the earth and giving cheer to the affrighted animals and wondering spectators that surrounded us. The thermometer exposed to the rays of the sun was observed to fall from 92d. to 62d. during the time that elapsed from the first contact to the total obscuration. The barometer indicated a fall of only 1-20th of an inch.

The observers appointed to note terrestrial objects, reported that the rapid approach of the dark shadow over the western landscape, which spread out before us with its symmetrical hills and shaded valleys, was plainly discernible. Its effect on reaching the observer, was described as almost like a physical object striking the

body, so plainly was its passage marked. In a few seconds, (for it traveled at about one mile per second,) it wrapped in its mantle of gloom the high ridge of the Alleghany mountains, about fifteen miles distant, which enclosed the southeast view. Hogs and cattle feeding near by, were observed at the moment of total obscuration to start affrighted and to hurry homeward; the whip-poorwills came out from their retirement, and began their evening song; bats flew around for some moments, and chickens were seen hastening to their roost.

The dusky, livid color, that overspread the face of nature; the death-like pallor of the spectators; the silver-bright corona around the dark, grayish body of the moon, and the rose-colored protuberances of gushing light, all contributed to make it a scene of awe and sublime beauty, producing a sense of profound reverence and deep humility, long to be remembered as one of the most distinguished moments of a life-time."

It will be noticed that Professor Broun recognized in the serrated outlines of the moon's body, as projected on the sun's disc, the elevations and depressions which are undoubtedly so many lofty mountain-ranges and deep valleys on the surface of the moon. He did not, however, notice the bright spots on the dark body of the moon that were observed on several occasions by Schroeter, Herschel, and other eminent savans, and which they attributed either to volcanic fires or else to openings through the entire diameter of the moon, allowing the transmission of the sun's light.

We should be glad if we had space to present in this

connection the report of the celebrated Halley of a total eclipse which occurred in England in the beginning of the eighteenth century. During the eclipse at Bristol, the sky was clear ; but in the eclipse observed by Halley, the sky was overcast by heavy clouds. This circumstance seems to have greatly heightened the sublimity of the spectacle. The obscuration was ten-fold greater ; and there was not only the ghastly, livid light of Professor Broun's report, but a gloom which might be literally styled a "horror of great darkness." On both occasions, however, there was enough to inspire those sentiments of "profound reverence and deep humility" to which there is a devout allusion in the above extract.

It is but a step from eclipses to another marvel of astronomy—comets. If the former have alarmed the multitude still more have the latter been interpreted as evidences of Divine displeasure, or other impending calamity.

In the light of the present age it is hardly credible that less than five hundred years ago a distinguished Roman Pontiff should have issued a Papal Bull against the comet of 1456. In spite of the thunders of the Vatican this lurid monster went sweeping to its perihelion and then away to its aphelion beyond the uttermost orbit of Neptune.

According to the estimate of Lardner, founded on a previous calculation of Arago, there are probably four millions of comets within the limits of our system. Less than three hundred, however, have been actually observed ; and of these, only three—Encke's, Biela's,

and Halley's—are well known to astronomy. They are doubtless planetary bodies, revolving in highly elliptical orbits, and yet of such extreme tenuity that they pass in close proximity to the satellites of Jupiter without sensibly affecting their motions. They are indeed such thin vapors, that the faintest star is clearly perceived through the densest portion of them. Some one has computed that the tail of the comet of 1860, which stretched through ninety degrees of the heavens, might have been compressed into a Saratoga trunk.

The most wonderful phenomenon of this sort was the comet of 1843. A portion of its tail was first visible in the northern hemisphere immediately after sunset. For some time it was confounded with the zodiacal light; but it was subsequently ascertained to be a comet of immense size, that passed its perihelion at a rate little less than the velocity of light. The diameter of its nucleus was nearly one hundred thousand miles, and its tail was found by measurement to be one hundred and eighty millions of miles. It disappeared after about one month, and from the eccentricity of its orbit approaching a hyperabola, it can only return after thousands of years.

Various theories have been propounded in regard to the origin of comets, and the uses they subserve in the economy of the heavens. Some have suggested that they are nebulous masses undergoing condensation preparatory to forming suns and planets, and that thus the work of creation is still progressing in the distant provinces of the Divine empire. Others maintain that they

are the aliment by which the sun is himself nourished and replenished. The latter opinion was held by Sir Isaac Newton, and only a short time before his death he predicted that his hypothesis would become an established fact before the lapse of many years.

The appearance of a comet is always accompanied by fears that it will collide with the earth at some point of its orbit, and thus produce great geological and atmospheric changes and convulsions. Whiston had ascribed the Noachian deluge to a former visitation of the great comet of 1680, and the populace seized upon this statement to torment themselves with groundless apprehensions. People shuddered when they learned that when the comet of 1843 crossed the earth's orbit, that body was only fourteen days behind. What if they had encountered in mid-heaven? The reply to this inquiry was appalling. It may serve to allay the fears of very nervous people to learn that Professor Nichol expresses the belief that our earth did actually pass through the tail of a comet in November, 1837. At that time, "the sky became red and inflamed as blood; corruscations darted across it—not, as usual, streaming from one district, but shifting constantly, and sweeping the whole heavens."

Beyond these atmospheric tumults, it is probable no appreciable impression would be made on our globe or its inhabitants by contact with the largest comet which visits our system.

In the natural order of events we may expect soon another lurid visitor to come within the range of our

telescopes. Let there be no silly apprehensions. For the same mighty hand that led ancient Israel like a flock, even now guides the erratic comet in its "long travel of a thousand years."

"THE BLESSINGS OF TRAVEL."—Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M. P., D. C. L., LL. D. F. R. S., once published a very readable essay on "The Blessings of Travel." It is hardly conceivable that a man who flourished such an academic tail should be mistaken about anything and yet our own Emerson has characterized traveling as the "Fool's Paradise." Very much depends on temperament and habit, as well as on the observer's standpoint. Emerson was only less a recluse than his intimate friend, Henry David Thoreau. Both of these men were, in law parlance, *adscriptus glebæ*. Thoreau was seldom outside of his township, and Emerson attempted only two transatlantic voyages—one on a visit to his kindred spirit, Thomas Carlyle. A season of fellowship with the sage of Chelsea might amply repay the discomfort of an ocean voyage even when as yet the Inman steamer was undreamed of by naval architects. It may be said in vindication of Emerson's above quoted phrase, that an English writer once described a journey from Cornhill to Cairo without ever getting beyond the sound of Bow-Bells. We ourselves have been importuned by a publisher to write a book of travel, from Dan to Beersheba, although said publisher well knows that we have never set foot on the soil of Holy Land. Why might not such a literary feat be accomplished as

well as are historical account of a great battle, say Waterloo, which the describer confessedly had never witnessed. Indeed we have so many books of travel that an ordinary reader is as familiar with the geography of Palestine as if he had climbed Lebanon on the back of an ass or traversed the land from end to end on the hump of a dromedary. In this way he has all the advantages of such an itinerary without its expense and annoyance in the shape of dishonest Sheiks and treacherous guides.

Like all things of an earthly sort, foreign travel has its blessings and its drawbacks. For the tired brain and the tortured nerves there is solace and refreshment in the varied scenes of land and sea. There is inspiration besides, in wandering amid the ruins of the Coliseum or in strolling leisurely through the galleries of the Louvre. We question, however, if the educative value of travel is no overrated. Mere sight-seeing, at home or abroad, is an intellectual pastime that adds nothing to our mental resources. Nor is it yet demonstrated that the enlargement of horizon which is said to follow from foreign travel is anything but a sentimental conceit. People of cosmopolitan tastes fill no large space in the world's history. Marco Polo despite his lifelong wanderings is not reckoned amongst the "few immortal names." Simeon Stylites, who perched upon a single pillar for thirty years was probably a wiser man than "Walking Stewart" who traveled a continent without the help of steam or sail. In our experience, travelled celebrities are usually inflated and turn up their snouts at home scenes and everyday people. We have known

several divines who could not preach a sermon without occasional reference to what they heard at Naples or saw at Jerusalem, or smelt at Shanghai. One of these, from frequent allusions to what he saw in the Holy City, was nicknamed "Old Jerusalem." A father whose son had spent three years at European Universities, asked me if he ought to remain longer. I advised him to call him home by the first steamer, remarking that another year would disqualify him for American life. We re-affirm in a single sentence, what he have endeavored to express in a dozen or more paragraphs, that the chief benefit to accrue from foreign travel is physical and mental recreation—beyond this the game is hardly worth the candle.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR ?

A LAY SERMON.

The antagonism of races is seldom so fierce as the opposition of religious sects.

Some of the bloodiest wars which have devastated the earth have been prompted by religious partisanship, and have been waged with a fanaticism as cruel as death and as remorseless as the grave

Indeed, the hereditary feud between Saxon and Celt was neither so bitter nor so implacable as the ancient rivalry between Jew and Samaritan. Gerizim was set against Zion, and the temple of Manasseh against the temple of Solomon. To hate the Samaritan worship and to denounce the Samaritan himself as a Cuthite was a part of the Jew's religion; and, as might be supposed, this scorn and execration was rapid with compound interest. To such an extreme did this mutual hatred grow that St. John tells us, in the fourth gospel, they had no dealings with each other. Any interchange, even of the common courtesies of life, was strictly forbidden.

In nothing was the superiority of Christ as a religious teacher more manifest than in his rising above these narrow prejudices of caste and creed. Although according to the flesh he was of the seed of Israel and was in

hearty sympathy with Judaism, yet he not only preached to the Samaritans, but on one occasion sharply rebuked John and James, the "sons of thunder," who wished to call down fire from Heaven to consume certain villages of the Samaritans.

And so, when a certain lawyer sought to perplex him with the question, Who is my neighbor? he astounded the multitude about him by uttering the beautiful parable of the GOOD SAMARITAN.

He describes a Jewish traveler going down the rocky gorge which leads from Jerusalem to Jericho. It was, says Farrar, "an ill-omened way," and was then, as now, infested by marauding banditti. In the course of his journey he was assaulted, stripped of his raiment, shamefully beaten and left mangled and half dead. In a little while, continues the parable, a priest, who had probably been to Jerusalem to minister in his course, came that way, and seeing the wounded man, without offering an encouraging word or helping hand, passed by on the other side. Almost in the same hour a Levite, who was fresh from the services of the temple, came and looked on him, and having satisfied a prurient curiosity, he also passed by, leaving the poor sufferer to his fate. By *chance*, or what is a better rendering, by *coincidence*, a Samaritan on his journey saw him and had compassion on him, pouring oil and wine into his gaping wounds to soothe and heal them, and then, dismounting, placed him upon his beast and carried him to a neighboring inn, where he spent the night in nursing him. On the morrow, he gave the host two pence, with instructions to

provide for him still further, and then resumed his journey. "Now," inquired our Saviour, "which of the three was neighbor to him that fell amongst the thieves?" The lawyer was constrained to reply, "He that showed him kindness." Then added the great teacher, "GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

Some of the fathers, and not a few of the modern expositors, regard the parable as furnishing an outline of the history of redemption. They spiritualize every feature of it, making the inn to represent the church, and the two pence the sacraments, or, as some interpret, the two covenants. While the parable admits of a general application to the the work of salvation through Christ, yet much that has been written in this direction is but solemn trifling. Such an exegesis as that of Trench and others places in the background, if it does not leave entirely out of view, the main purpose of our Saviour, which was to inculcate a philanthropy as broad as the brotherhood of man, unrestricted by clime or condition.

Every fellow-man who is in distress is my neighbor so far as to entitle him to my helpful sympathy. Philanthropy is not regulated by degrees of latitude or longitude, nor is it circumscribed by the partition walls of partyism, political or ecclesiastical. There is, however, a marked difference between mere sentiment and genuine sensibility. The former is an effervescence of emotion; the latter is a deep-flowing current of feeling that results in something practical.

Sterne could moralize most beautifully over a caged

starling, or the carcass of a dead ass, and yet was a heartless domestic tyrant. Even in the days of the Empire, when noble captives were butchered to make a holiday, a Roman audience would rise and applaud rapturously and roundly that immortal line of Terence :

“ *Homo sum et humani a me nil alienum puto.* ”

At the present time, also, we find scores who weep at the mock distresses of Desdemona or the simulated sorrows of Lear, who never once performed a disinterested action. Some of these are not unlike the priest of the parable. They avoid a close contact with poverty, disease and misery. If by accident brought into unpleasant proximity to some wounded wayfarer, they leave him weltering in his blood, and pass on to the house of mirth or the hall of feasting.

There is another class of these sickly sentimentalists who, like the Levite, go to the house of mourning, and when there, are by no means sparing of kindly words, but who never touch, even with a finger, the burden which is pressing the very life out of the sufferer.

“ Be ye warmed and filled ” is the extent of their brotherly kindness.

But there is also a class of whom the Good Samaritan is a just type. Men and women “ who feel another’s woe ” not in seeming, but in reality—whose hearts and hands are open as day to melting charity. Man, although depraved, is not utterly devilish. In well-nigh every human breast there is a sealed fountain of noble sympathies and genial impulses. Let but the rock of selfish-

ness be rightly smitten, and it sends forth streams of blessing in every direction. This virtue, so vividly illustrated in the conduct of the Samaritan, is essentially a Christian virtue. Paganism could boast of no hospitals for the maimed and diseased—no asylums for the aged and infirm. Deformity and disease were reckoned marks of Divine displeasure. The countrymen of Leonidas cast helpless children to the wolves and bears of Taygetus, and the compatriots of Aristides exposed their infirm grandsires to certain death on the island of Eubea.

Christianity has reformed this altogether, and has made the visitation of the sick, the care of the helpless and the supply of the needy more acceptable to God than slaughtered hecatombs. Not only can it point to Howard and Obelin, who inaugurated grand enterprises of charity, but it has its thousands of quiet workers in every department of benevolent effort.

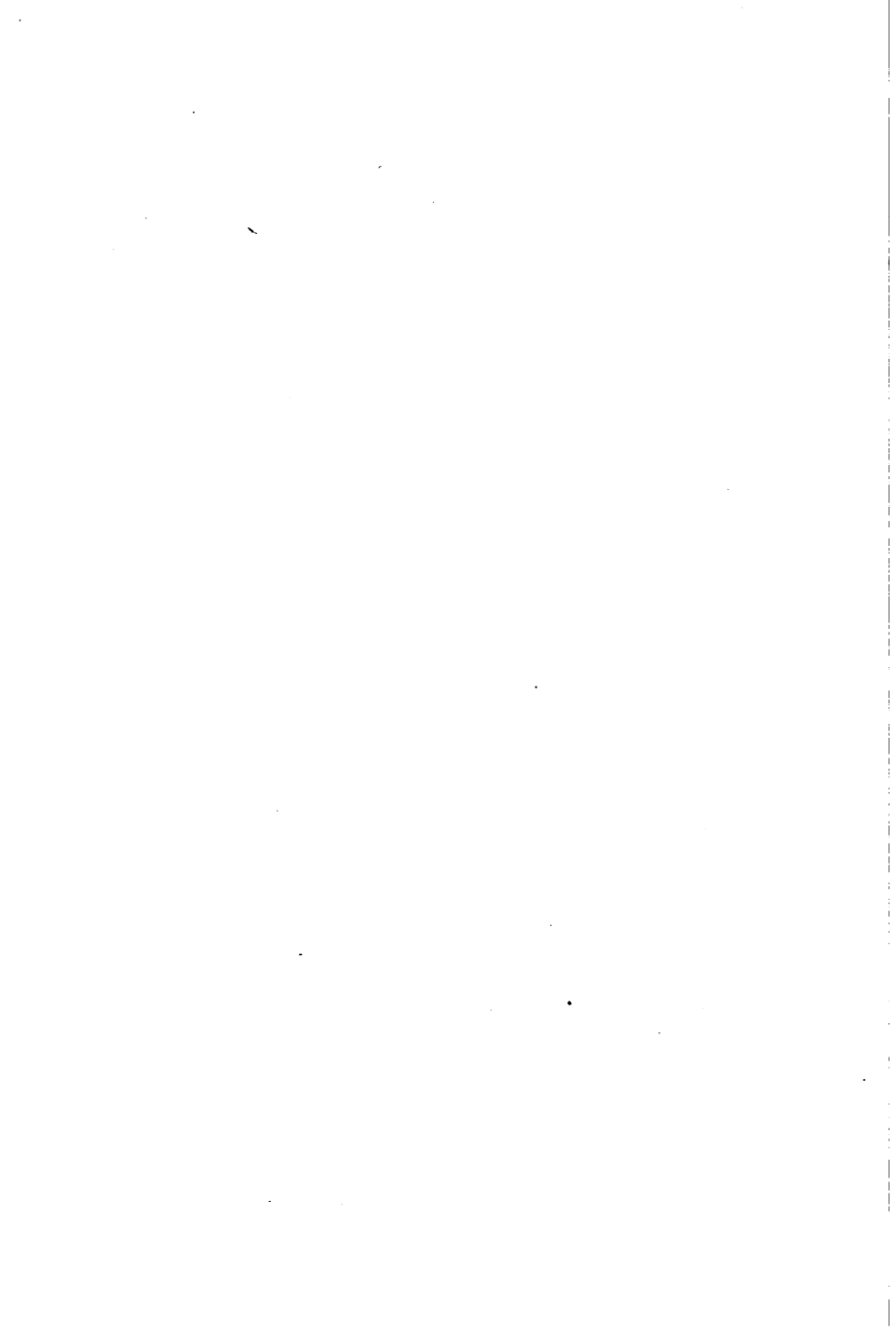
Nor is the end yet. The leaven of Divine truth is gradually permeating the mass of humanity, and the time will be when "wars shall cease to the end of the earth." Then shall commerce bind the nations together with cords of love; and then religion, too, shall shed its selectest influences on every kindred, and tongue and people.

We can conceive of no better enforcement of the Saviour's teachings than that sweet, poetical legend of Leigh Hunt:

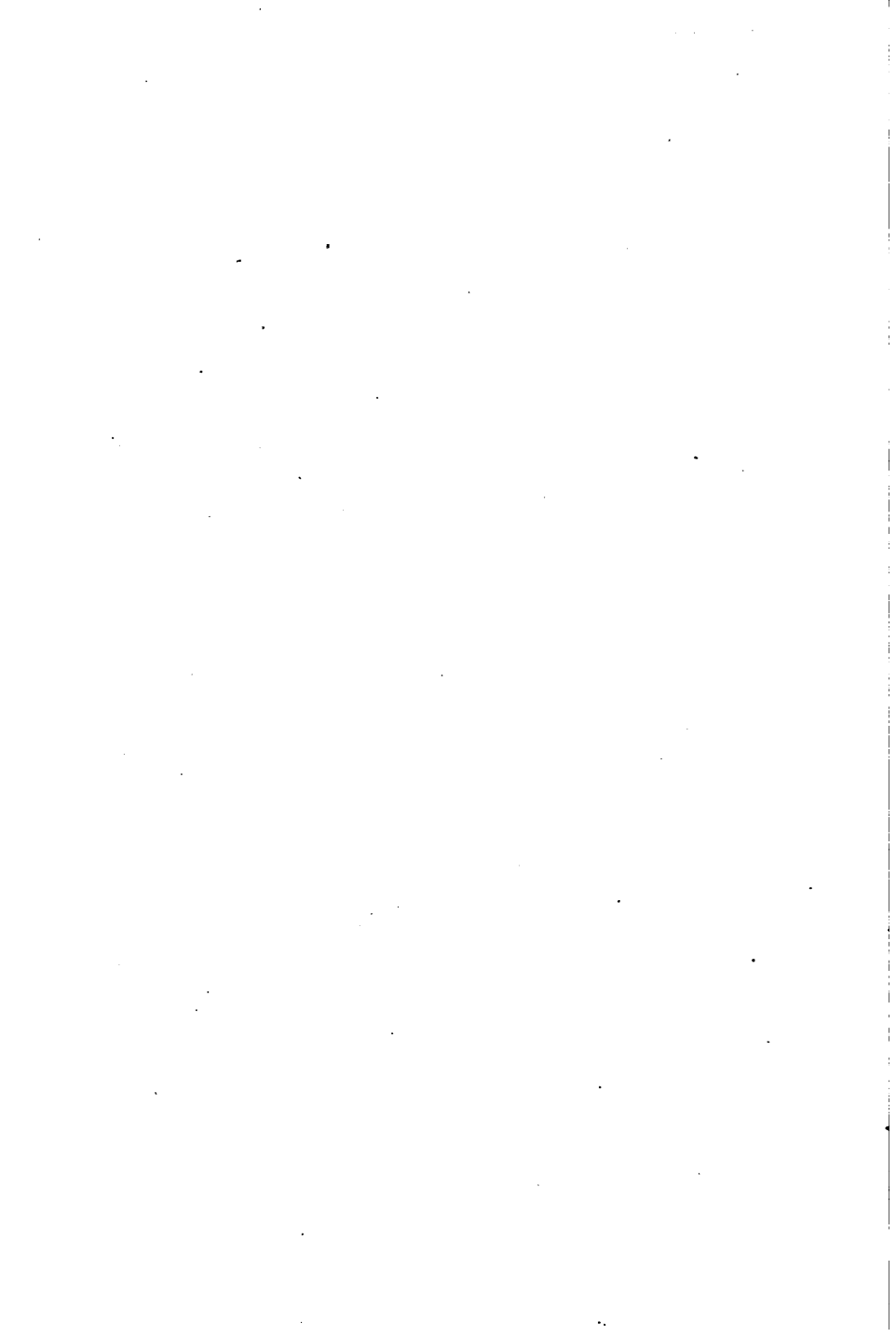
"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in the room—
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom—
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
‘What writest thou?’ The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, ‘The names of those who love the Lord.’
‘And is mine one?’ said Abou. ‘Nay, not so,’
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, ‘I pray thee then
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.’
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And the names of those whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.”

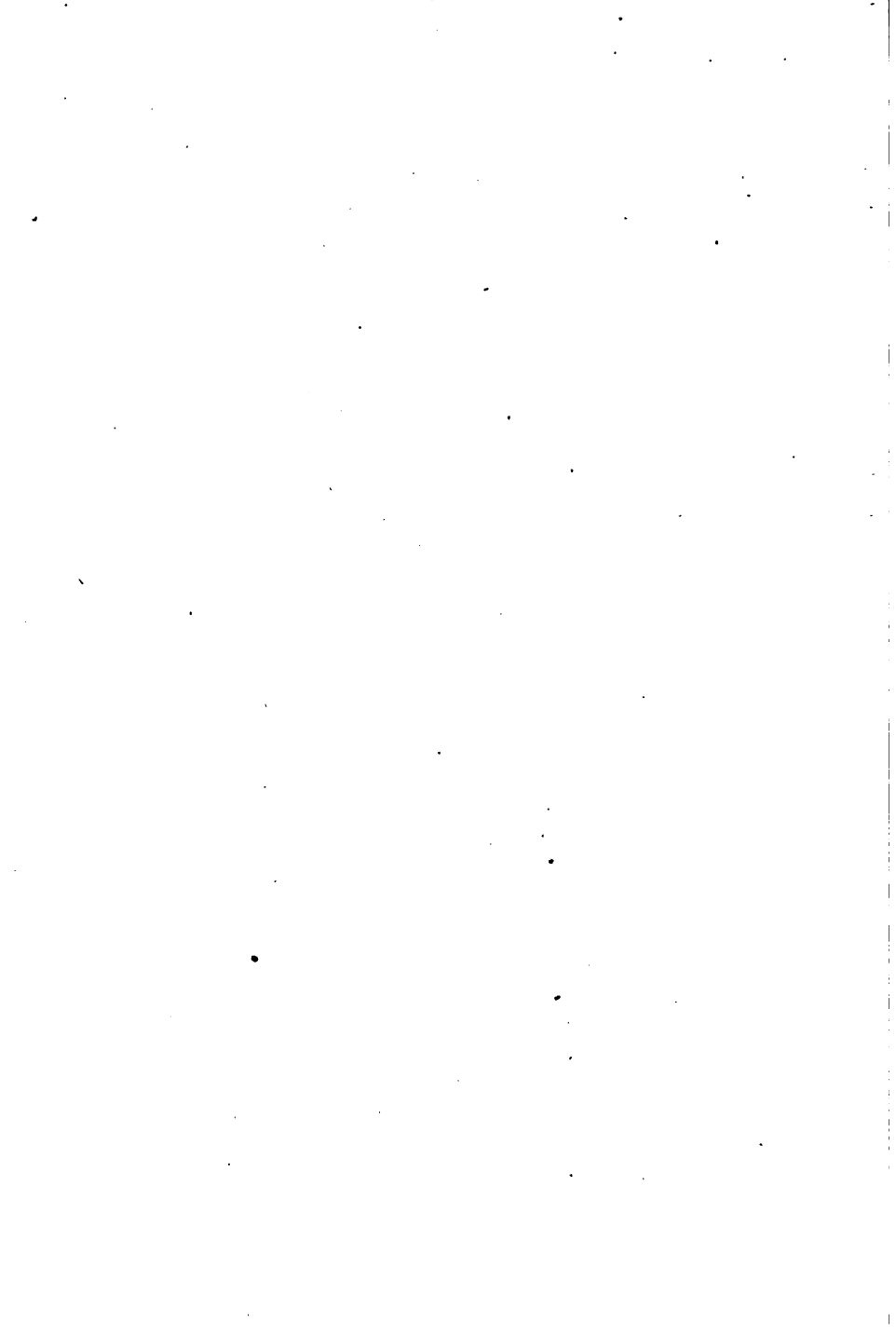












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